RADIO MIRROR TV

AND TELEVISION

JUNE • 25¢

Joan Davis
of
When A Girl Marries
Announces—

An Exciting New

HAPPY MARRIAGE CONTEST!

WIN Beautiful prizes for your home, your trousseau!

Enter now— see page 29

Professional Permanents must be better..

WHY ELSE would 19 out of 20 glamorous models... whose beauty is their livelihood... prefer permanent waves by a professional beautician?

WHY ELSE do so many who try HOME-MADE waves... SWITCH BACK TO PROFESSIONAL PERMANENTS ?

Ask about the new fabulous

HELENE CURTIS

Flexa-Wave

Permanent waving at its finest! A miraculous new Helene Curtis automatic atomizer process enables your professional beautician to work new miracles with your hair. Never before a permanent so gloriously soft, so deep, so wonderfully radiant—so *professionally perfect!* Costs less than you'd ever imagine! Why risk "home-made" substitutes? See your beautician today.

You can be confident you're keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth and gums.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

You want to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth, of course. You *can*—if you follow dentists' advice: fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

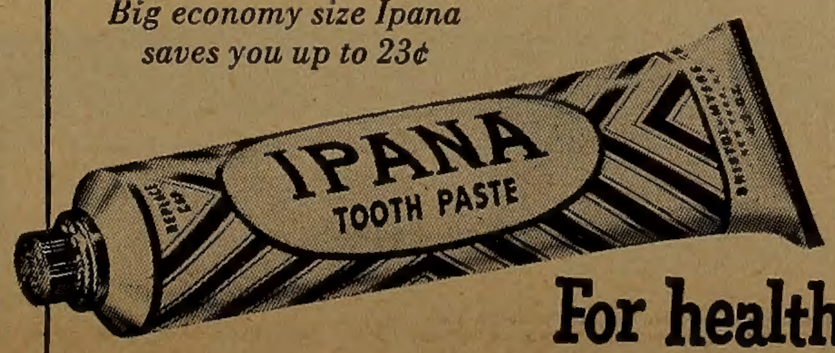
So start using Ipana for *double* protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome. You'll enjoy that wholesome, refreshing Ipana flavor, too. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

'I have confidence in Ipana—Bristol-Myers makes it,"

says Bobbie Snow of Woodside, N. Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

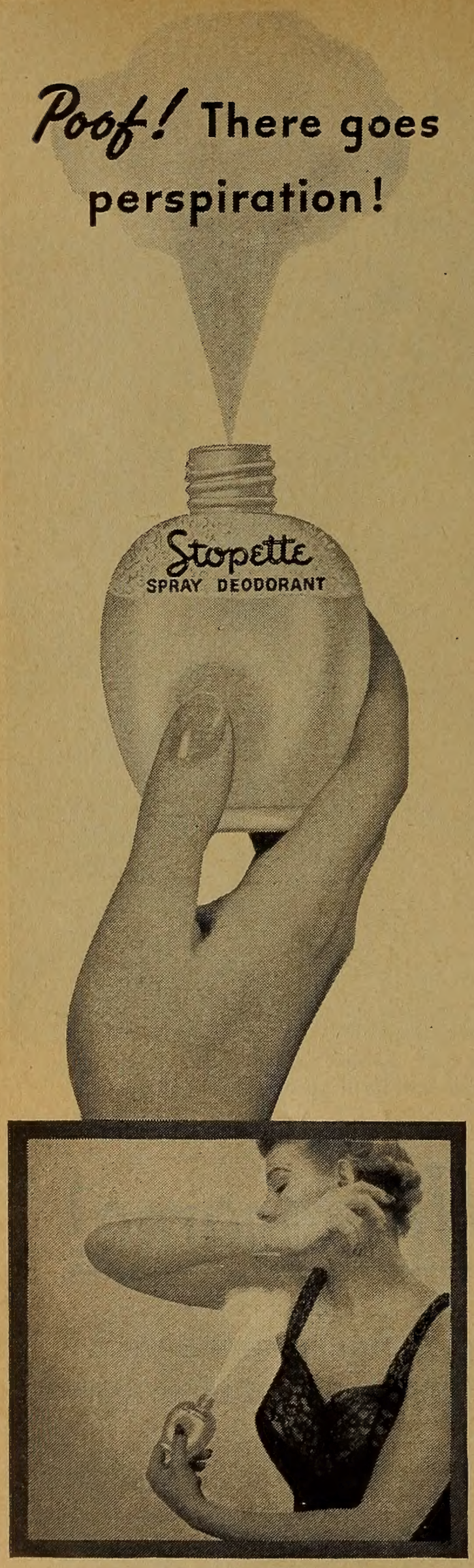
NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

R M



Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now *spray* perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette . . . hardly know it touches you. Wonderful economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!
2 sizes: 2¼ oz. $1.25; 1 oz. 60c.
At cosmetic counters everywhere.

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THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT

JUNE, 1950

RADIO MIRROR TV AND TELEVISION

VOL. 34, NO. 1 KEYSTONE

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

You can lose him in a minute!

It has happened to thousands of girls . . . it can happen to you.

One little moment's carelessness and he will be through with you *that quick!* You will probably ask yourself over and over again, "Why? Why? Why?"

How About You?

Never let halitosis (unpleasant breath) nullify your other charms. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best.

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against offending because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually. Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and, we repeat, always before any date.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

---

Week-ending? Always take Listerine Antiseptic along. It's mighty comforting to have a good antiseptic handy in case of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions requiring germicidal first-aid.

Early in his radio career, the well-known director Phillips Lord was an actor at WMCA.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

WMCA in New York recently celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday. This anniversary recalled two-and-a-half decades of radio's mushroom development—and the many familiar personalities and events launched by this pioneer station.

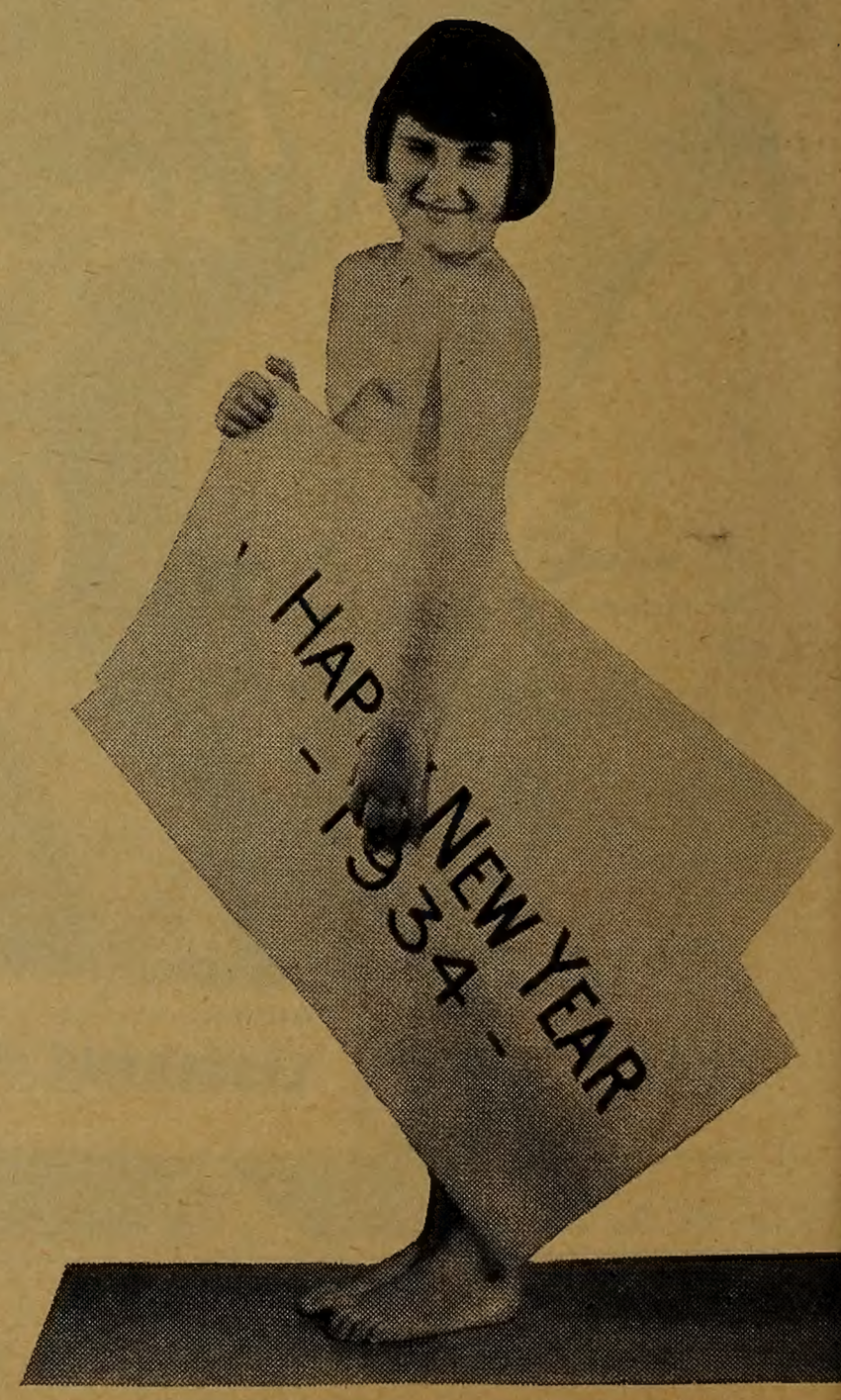
WMCA has been responsible for introducing some of today's favorite names in show business. Rudy Vallee, fresh out of Yale, brought his now famous megaphone and Connecticut Yankees before a microphone for the first time on WMCA. About that time, the WMCA studios atop the Hotel McAlpin—thus, the call letters—housed tenor Frank Parker, the Voice of Experience, Wini Shaw, Helen "Boop-Boop-a-Doop" Kane and Belle Baker.

WMCA was the first station to cover major courtroom trials . . . hearings of the Morro Castle fire in 1935 . . . the trial of Jimmy Hines in 1938 . . . the spy trials in 1938 . . . the sedition trials in 1943. It created the dramatized news show Five-Star-Final after which was patterned the March of Time; it was the first station to air an hourly news bulletin service with a newspaper—first the New York *Times*, later the New York *Herald Tribune*.

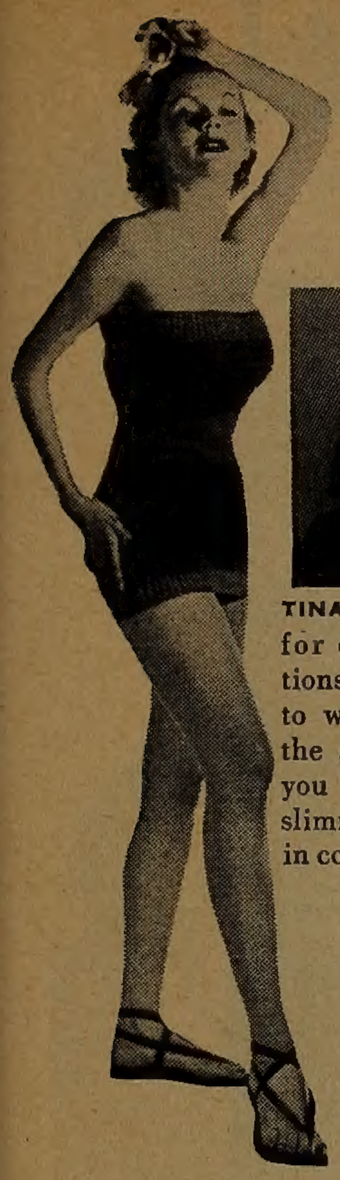
The recent dramatic series on minority problems, New World A'Coming, won eleven national awards in four years. Labor Arbitration scooped up six awards by Ohio State University in as many years. WMCA blew the lid off the mystery of the Atomic Age with a series on "One World or None" to win the Peabody Award, radio's Oscar. In the field of education by radio, WMCA broadcasts Adventures Into the Mind, a well-organized course in psychology; Young Book Reviewers, a junior Author Meets Critic; and professional advice to parents via The Inquiring Parent. The latter program, recorded and distributed nationally, is now heard in forty other cities, as far away as Hawaii.

WMCA has had its zany moments, too. A dozen years ago when stations were trying to outbid each other in "microphone acrobatics," WOR broadcast the frying of eggs on the sidewalks of New York, WNBC (then WEAF) presented singing mice, and WMCA magnified the sound of a moth eating through wool.

Today WMCA's star performer is versatile disc jockey Ted Steele. And in the public service department, the station has just concluded the dramatic documentary series, New Blood, which increased local blood donations thirty-four percent and has been nominated for the 1950 Peabody Award.

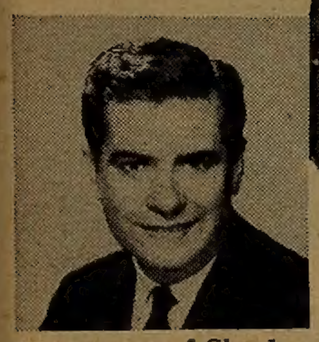


Radio's first child entertainer, "Baby Rose Marie" Mazetta, made her debut on WMCA.

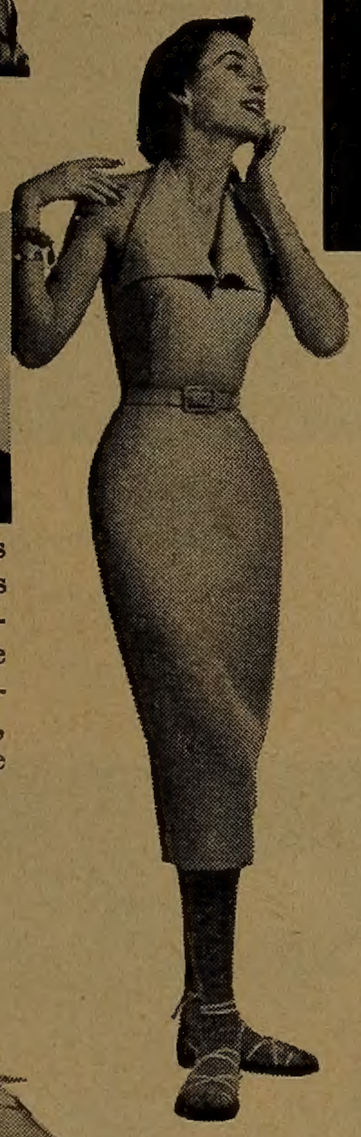


TINA LESER. famous for original collections: "My advice is to wear a PLAYTEX—the girdle that slims you where you need slimming, holds you in complete comfort."

THE ONLY GIRDLE IN THE WORLD you can wear under your swimsuit, pat dry and wear immediately under your street clothes!



BRIGANCE of Charles Nudelman: "This season's clothes follow the slim, supple line—definitely require the slender, youthful silhouette that PLAYTEX gives."



For a supple, slim figure under revealing summer clothes, top designers recommend

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

One look at summer's new fashions makes most women want to be slimmer, trimmer *right away*. And designers not only recognize this problem, but come up with the answer! They say that every woman can look slimmer and trimmer in 1950's revealing summer clothes—if she buys a PLAYTEX Girdle *first*.

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE whittles away at waist, hips and thighs—gives a slender silhouette with complete comfort and freedom of action. It's fresh as a daisy, light as a snowflake, actually "breathes" with you.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE dispels body heat . . . slims you in cool comfort. Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PINK-ICE is absolutely invisible—even under the sleekest swimsuit. It washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel, stays sweet at all times.

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES..... **$3.95** to **$4.95**

In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES, Pink, White or Blue **$3.50** to **$3.95**

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

CLAIRE McCARDELL, New York designer: "A PLAYTEX girdle gives supple moulding for the slender silhouette. It fits smoothly, with comfort and freedom."

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION

Playtex Park ©1950 **Dover Del.**

R M

DIURNAL—but DIFFERENT

Ted gets up early but Rhoda records her part of the show in the afternoon. Tony just watches.

A different kind of husband-and-wife breakfast show is run over WMGM by Ted Brown and his pretty wife Rhoda. No battles, no scenes, no forced endearments. For one thing Rhoda heckles instead of encouraging. For another, she's home in bed—having recorded her portion of the show the afternoon before. Ted, on the other hand, has no trouble getting up. All it takes to wake him is an alarm clock, a phone call from Radio Registry, threats of dire treatment by Rhoda, and the enthusiastic barks of their dogs Mischief and Hambone.

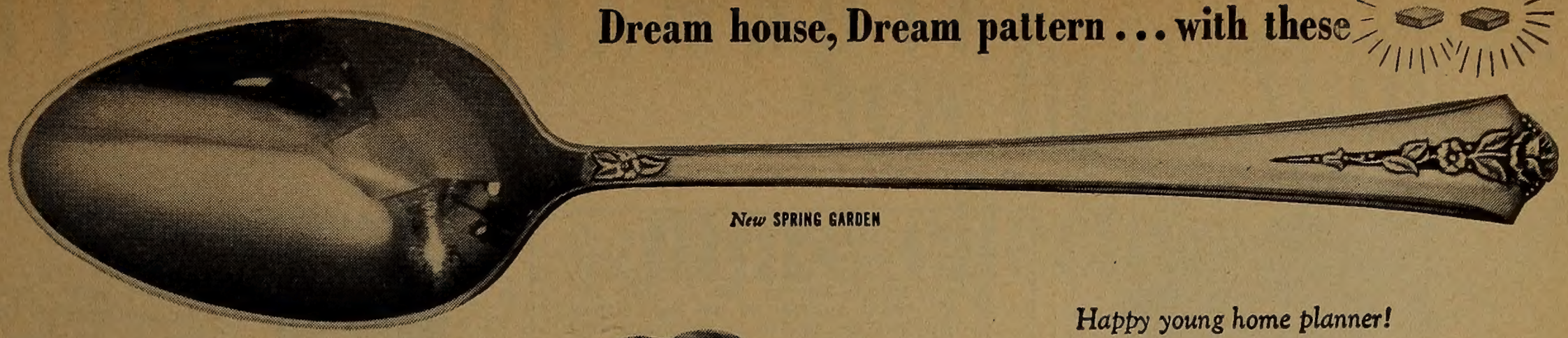
Ted, who hails from Collingswood, New Jersey, made his radio debut in Roanoke, Virginia, while at college there. He ran a disc show and doubled as local sports announcer. In college he was a football, swimming and basketball star.

After the war (he was a rear gunner of a B17 and prisoner of war in Germany for fifteen months), he won a permanent staff job at WOR. Subsequently he took on major network assignments and starred in TV shows.

Red-headed Rhoda, born and bred a Manhattanite, used to write Ted's material before they decided to make it a full-time partnership.

This explains why Ted Brown yawns as he spins platters and chatter on WMGM, Monday through Saturday at 7 A.M.

Dream house, Dream pattern . . . with these



New SPRING GARDEN

Happy young home planner!
And so very, very wise . . . for the pattern
of her choice is by Holmes & Edwards,
the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid!

YOUTH

Two blocks of sterling silver are
inlaid at the backs of bowls and
handles of most-used spoons and forks to
keep Holmes & Edwards lovelier longer.

LOVELY LADY

And why take years buying silverware by
"place settings," when tonight you can serve
a dinner for 8 with Holmes & Edwards
for only $49.95, and no Excise Tax.

DANISH PRINCESS*

HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE HERE

It's Sterling Inlaid

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*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

for lasting
PIN CURL BEAUTY...

De Long bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

You don't need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It's a breeze with De Long bob pins. Alluring, natural curls last longer, for De Long's grip holds hair tighter. Take the blue De Long card home today.

***How to set the "U" Bob**—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser... Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circlets across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.*

You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

INFORMATION BOOTH

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

A FRIEND INDEED

Dear Editor:
I used to hear a program on which anyone could send in the name of someone who had done a good deed and the sponsor would give them a prize to help repay them for their kindness. I have lost track of the show and I would like to know if it is still on the air.

C. L.
Saegertown, Pa.

The Jack Berch Show (the program to which you refer) is heard on NBC Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M. EDT. For further details, see Radio Mirror, *April 1950.*

FAVORITE ACTOR

Dear Editor:
Recently, after hearing Ralph Bell in several plays on Radio City Playhouse, I have decided that he is my favorite radio actor. I would appreciate it if you could give me some personal data on him and tell me on what programs I can hear him.

RALPH BELL

Miss N. M.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

New Yorker Bell started out as a physical education major, later switched to dramatics. He is married to radio actress Pert Kelton and they have two sons, seven and five. Ralph is regularly heard as Joe Peterson on Lorenzo Jones; in TV, he often appears on Suspense.

THEME AND VARIATIONS

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me who plays Larry, Jr. on Backstage Wife and what is the name of the theme song on Pepper Young's Family?

Miss C. D.
Frogmore, S. C.

Larry, Jr. is played by Wilda Hinkel. The opening theme on Pepper Young is "Au Matin" by Benjamin Godard; the closing song is "Golden Glow" by William Meeder. Both are published by Ascher.

TANTALIZING TUNE

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me the name of the theme song on Life with Luigi? I wrack my brains every Tuesday night trying to think of it.

Mrs. V. L.
Houston, Tex.

The theme song, "Oh, Marie," a traditional Italian song, is published by Amsco.

TALKING BANDLEADER

OPIE CATES

Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of Opie Cates on the Lum n' Abner show?

Miss F. B.
Fairmont, W. Va.

Here's Opie, who talks and leads a band on the Lum n' Abner show every Wednesday at 10:30 P.M. EDT on CBS.

A WONDERFUL PROGRAM

Dear Editor:
For the past few weeks I have been listening to a wonderful program called Halls of Ivy with Ronald and Benita Colman. Can you tell me where the program originates; what is the name of the theme song and is it possible to get a copy of it?

Mrs. C. R. C., Jr.
Upper Montclair, N. J.

Halls of Ivy, heard on NBC Fridays at 8 P.M. EDT, originates in Hollywood. The original theme song, "I Love the Halls of Ivy," was written by music director Henry Russell and, to date, has not been published.

QUIZ KID

Dear Editor:
I would like to know where to send questions for the Quiz Kids programs.

Miss M. H.
Smithfield, Ohio

Send your questions, and the correct answers, to Quiz Kids Inc., 485 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

TV TEAM

Dear Editor:
What has happened to the Easy Aces program? I used to enjoy them very much, but I can't find them on the air any more.

H. H.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Jane and Goodman Ace are no longer on the air, but they can be seen on television over WABD, Wednesday at 7:45 P.M. EDT.

JUST ASK US

Dear Editor:
I am greatly interested in Guy Lombardo and his band. Can you tell me where I can get some information about him and possibly a picture?

Miss N. D.
West Alexandria, Ohio

GUY LOMBARDO

You can see and read all about Guy in the November 1949 Radio Mirror; *for a copy of that issue, write to the Back Issue Department,* Radio Mirror *Magazine. Guy Lombardo's band was chosen the favorite orchestra in the third annual* Radio Mirror *Awards. (Picture in the May issue)*

Step Up, Ask Your Questions, We'll Try to Find the Answers

THE ANNALS OF ARCHIE

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me if Archie is still on the air? I can't seem to find his program anywhere.

E. K.

Detroit, Mich.

Archie still can be heard on Duffy's Tavern, Thursday nights at 9:30 P.M., EDT NBC.

BING'S BOYS

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me who Bing Crosby is married to and how old are his children?

Mrs. M. D.

Mendenhall, Miss.

Bing Crosby is married to Dixie Lee and their sons are seventeen (Gary), sixteen (the twins Phillip and Dennis) and twelve (Lindsay).

CRIME DOES PAY

STAATS COTSWORTH

Dear Editor:
For some time now I have heard the program Crime Photographer, which I enjoy very much, and I was wondering if you could tell me who plays Casey.

Miss G. B.

Rockford, Ill.

Casey is played by the well-known actor Staats Cotsworth.

VITAL STATISTICS

Dear Editor:
On what program can I hear Christopher Lynch, the Irish tenor? When was he born and is he married?

F.C.

Council Bluffs, Iowa

CHRISTOPHER LYNCH

Christopher Lynch, who has been heard on the Voice of Firestone (Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT, NBC) since 1946 was born in County Limerick, Ireland in 1922. Married in 1945, he has two children, Brian, four; and Marese, three.

HE'S A SHE

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me who plays the part of Whitey in When a Girl Marries?

Miss E. C.

Bolton, Mass.

Whitey is played by Kay Renwick.

PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR

Dear Editor:
Would you please publish a picture and feature on my favorite TV star, Ted Mack of the Original Amateur Hour?

C. G.

Roxbury, Mass.

Ted Mack, who is heard on NBC and seen on WNBT, was recently featured in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Deodorant News to Delight You!

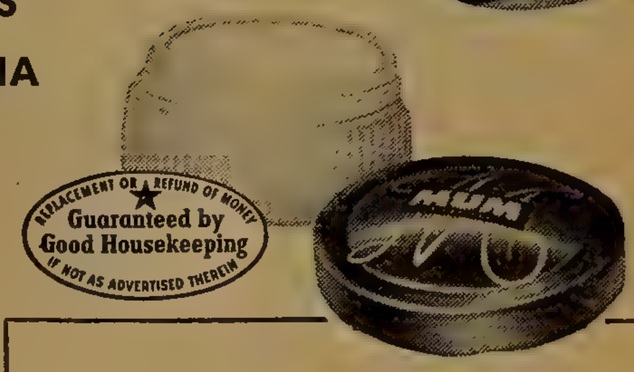
New finer Mum more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



Mum's protection grows and GROWS!
Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down *future* growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

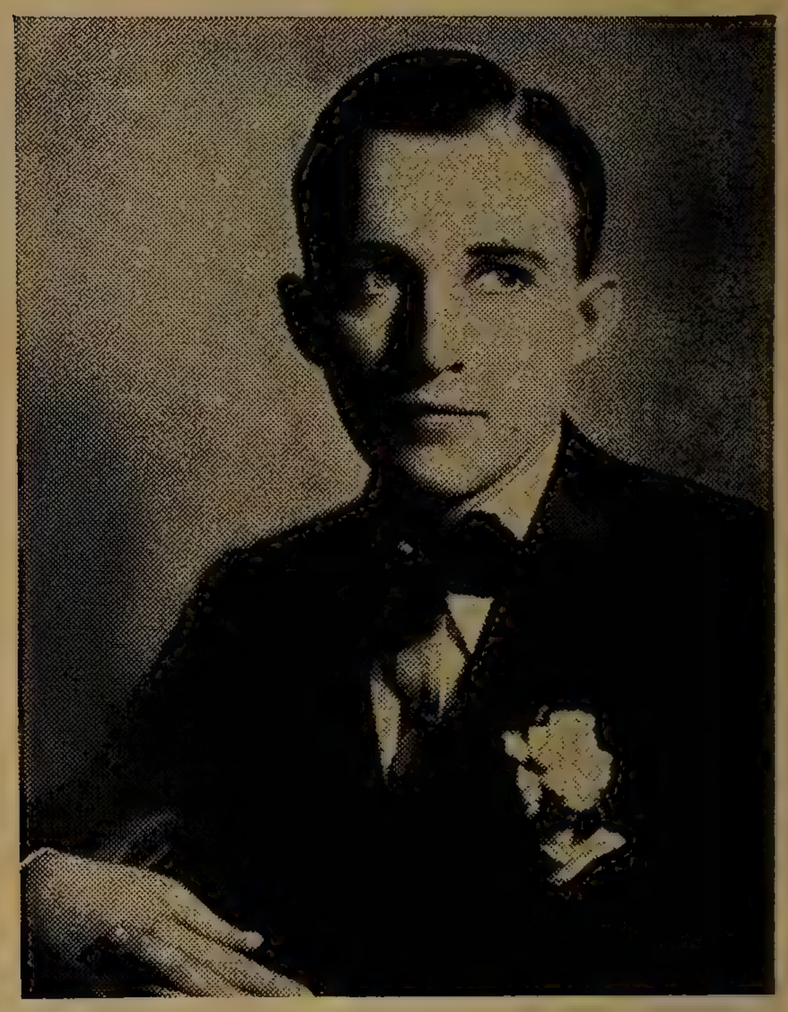
New MUM *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

RADIO'S

Part VI: Everybody stayed home and

Kate Smith started singing about the moon's coming over the mountain in 1931; it's still her theme song.



Young man on his way: though Crosby was a success in '31, no one foresaw his great popularity.

Stage star Eddie Cantor made air debut in 1931. He, like George Jessel, came on at Rudy Vallee's suggestion.

1930

The country was still in shock following the disappearance of fifteen billion dollars of paper profits in the market crash. Every industry was rocked except radio, though it was briefly rivalled by a fever for miniature golf. The "new poor" no longer could afford their clubs. In throngs they poured out in the evening to play on flood-lighted courses that appeared by the thousand on empty lots.

Dialogue in movies was still an intoxicating novelty. The billboard advertising for "Anna Christie" was just two words in huge block letters, GARBO TALKS! Edward G. Robinson started the gangster cycle with "Little Caesar." Howard Hughes remade his "Hell's Angels," started as a silent, and the platinum blonde arrived with Jean Harlow in that dress cut down to a new low—an entertainment angle Hughes was to remember when he launched another unknown, Jane Russell, in "The Outlaw" many years later.

A new day was dawning in popular music. The lovely Jane Froman was singing with her own orchestra. The beautiful musical comedy star, Ruth Et-

By LLEWELLYN

OWN LIFE STORY

listened, for nobody had any money to go out. Besides, the entertainment was as wonderful as it was free

Then as now, Lowell Thomas made excursions into all parts of the world. Here in Arab costume.

ting, was already a great favorite on the air with her "music that satisfies." So was James Melton, soloist on the Atwater Kent Hour, and Morton Downey whose theme song was "Wabash Moon" with a fascinating Irish overtone. Helen Morgan and Libby Holman were moaning in a new slow-burning style called "torch singing." Most of the new songs had a wistful quality in keeping with the mood of the year "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," "It Happened in Monterey," "What Is This Thing Called Love?" "Ten Cents a Dance" but there was also a frightening new sound in the air, Boop-boop-a-Doop. Its chief exponent was a plump, pigeon-like little girl with a baby mouth, Helen Kane, who made this distressing novelty (called sillysyllabic by Sigmund Spaeth) a sudden but mercifully brief rage. Its former adherents will be interested to learn there is a movie in the making based on Helen Kane's life and complete with songs dubbed in by Helen herself.

This will be a shock to many, but Blondie was a Boop-boop-a-Doop girl and a gold-digger, too, when she made her original bow (*Continued on page* 17)

Popular songstress trio, the handsome Boswell sisters—Vet, Martha, Connie. Connie later emerged on her own.

Mother and daughter team Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel were radio's popular sister team of serial Myrt and Marge.

MILLER

Pittsburgh's Wildcats: l. to r. Kenny Newton, Slim and Ray Bryant, Al Azzaro, J. Wallace.

The Sun Shines Bright

Folk music having come into its own in the last few years (recognized as it is by recording and broadcasting companies alike), Slim Bryant and his Wildcats from KDKA were among the first turned to. NBC Thesaurus has about 300 of their songs in its library and they're being used on about 600 stations all over the world.

The network program consists of a variety of music. Ken Newton sings ballads, plays the fiddle and sings tenor in the trio; Slim's brother, Raymond "Loppy" Bryant, sings novelty songs, sings melody in the trio and plays the bass fiddle; Jerry Wallace is an accomplished guitarist and can make a banjo talk; Al Azzaro is a local boy and plays accordion. Slim plays guitar, sings baritone in the trio, does a little comedy in the stage shows and has written over 100 songs, many of which have been published. Several have been about Pittsburgh and vicinity.

The Wildcats are heard regularly on KDKA at 6 to 7 A.M. except Sundays; 6:30 P.M. Tuesdays and Thursdays; 12:15 P.M. on Mondays; and their coast to coast NBC program 5 to 5:30 P.M. Saturdays. (KDKA takes fifteen minutes of the network show, 5:15 to 5:30 P.M. due to previous commitments.)

With the covered wagon, an "authentic" western background, the KDKA stars entertain at a typical farm party.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Godfrey fans see his expressive face on TV two-and-a-half hours a week.

If one name leads all the rest in radio and TV, it is most likely the one belonging to Arthur Godfrey. That name also happens to be a synonym for such words as phenomenal, popular and unpredictable. It's probably the latter quality that is responsible for the first two, for not knowing what Godfrey is going to do next is something that has endeared him to the largest listening audiences in the country. In fact, there are so many Godfrey fans that probably not even a team manned by Gallup, Nielsen, Roper and all the Fuller Brush salesmen could make an accurate count. Radio Mirror, numbering itself among those uncounted multi-millions, is expressing its own and its readers' admiration for Arthur with a special section in next month's issue. It will be devoted to all things Godfrey, including the people known as the "little Godfreys." You'll see hitherto unpublished pictures of Arthur and his court, you'll read new things about them and—if you're interested in music—there's a special offer that you won't want to miss. This is what it is: Arthur, as you may know, has been conducting ukelele lessons via video. Here's your chance to get one in print *plus* a chance to win a ukelele for your very own. Look for the details in the special Godfrey section of the July Radio Mirror.

* * *

Other things than Arthur next month: a visit in color to the home of Fran Carlon and Casey Allen. You probably know these people better as Big Town's Lorelei and Dusty. July's bonus novel will be a fictionization of an episode from the daytime drama, Big Sister. And the daytime serial problem, illustrated with color pictures, will center on the characters in This Is Nora Drake. Next month's issue goes on the newsstands Friday, June 9. Reserve your copies now!

Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

R M

WANDERING WOODY

Woody Magnuson, specialist on children's programs for WBEN, also has been an emcee, newscaster, announcer and producer.

Woody Magnuson broke into radio at eleven as interlocutor of the Kiddie Minstrels on WOC, Davenport. This month—as he celebrates his silver anniversary in broadcasting—he continues as a pilot of children's shows via WBEN and WBEN-TV.

During those intervening twenty-five years, Woody's traveling father moved from California to Nebraska; Geneseo, Illinois, and to Moline, Illinois, where Woody was graduated from high school.

At Moline High, young Magnuson was a member of the debate team for four years and the team won the state high school title in 1931. Woody, himself, won a regional conference championship as a high school orator, competing against representatives of seventeen other high schools for the conference title.

Woody repeated his oratorical success when he entered Augustana College at Rock Island, Illinois. Again he was a member of the debate team for four years and won the national championship, sponsored by Pi Kappa Delta. By virtue of being a national finalist in three forensic divisions—debating, oratory and extemporaneous speaking—Mr. Magnuson is entitled to wear the PKD fraternity pin with two diamonds.

While in college, he also helped pay his way by part-time radio announcing (seven days a week!) and simultaneously worked in a gas station.

After further radio work in Rock Island and a brief try at teaching at his alma mater, Woody joined WIRE, Indianapolis, as announcer and newscaster in 1936. During three years there, he narrated the weekly program of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra over the Mutual Network. He also had a weekly farm program on WLW and motored the 200 miles to Cincinnati weekly. In 1939 he returned to WHBF as program director and news commentator.

Once, when he came out strongly against local gambling during a broadcast, he received threatening phone calls. Shortly thereafter, two bullets were fired at him while he was driving his car, both landing within a foot of him.

His years of overwork in college caught up with him last year and he spent considerable time in the hospital. He bounded right back again and currently has returned as Uncle Ben on WBEN's popular club program for girls and boys, and pilots the children's talent show on WBEN-TV.

The versatile Magnuson has a private pilot's license and soon will take his commercial flight test. His hobby is oil painting and cooking and, before his illness, he taught radio announcing. Under the pen name of Julius Grateson he has written stories for pulp magazines. The pseudonym is a broad translation of his Swedish name—Julius Woodrow Magnuson.

Paul (Keller) and Penny (Elsie Laier) appeared with Woody on many Uncle Ben's Club shows.

Cedric airs seventeen shows a week plus his daily CBS stint.

CEDRIC ADAMS

Cedric Adams has been referred to as a modern-day Paul Bunyan, and not without reason. Spreading rapidly from the focal point of the Twin Cities of Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minnesota, there has been growing an impressive list of legends and facts about Adams that is comparable to the Bunyan fable.

There is the fact, for instance, that Adams pursued a diploma at the University of Minnesota for nine years but missed the sheepskin by the small fraction of three English credits. Paradoxically, he earned fifteen dollars a week during his college career writing a campus column that led to a job with the Minneapolis *Star*.

The rotund reporter has a rather remarkable effect on the populace. One midwinter day, he broadcast the fact that pine trees die unless they are sprinkled with water. In the Twin Cities, the water consumption jumped 8,000,000 gallons overnight.

These are merely samples of the unusual Adams story, which had its beginnings in Adrian, Minneapolis, on May 27, 1902.

Cedric—he is invariably called by his first name—grew up in Magnolia, Minnesota, a community of 202 persons and attended the U. of Minnesota.

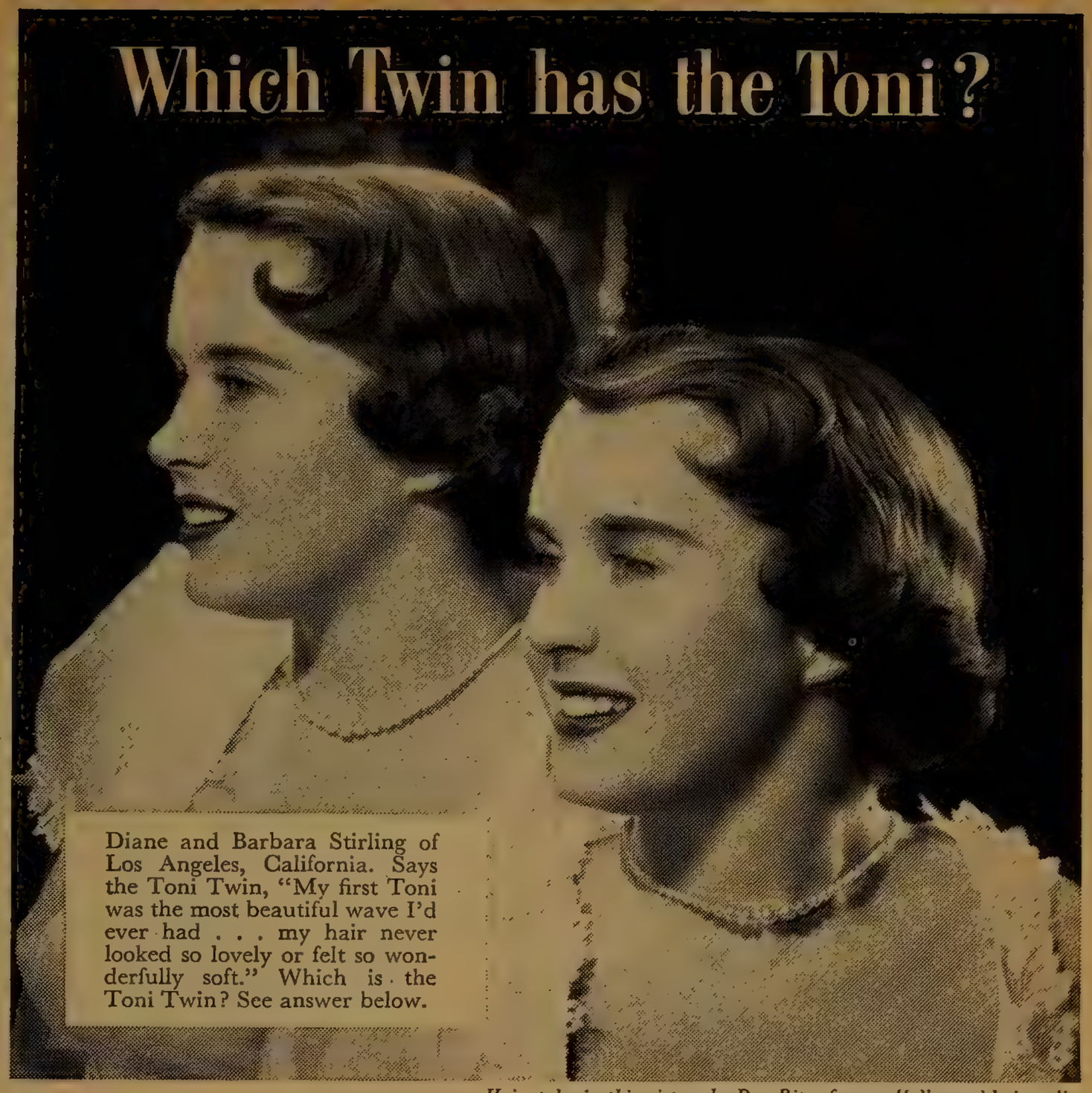
After a brief spell at the *Star*, Adams left to edit two humor magazines, *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang* and *Hooey*.

A few years later, Adams was back in Minneapolis, writing a chatter column for a shopping news, the success of which returned him to the *Star* in the mid-thirties. Meanwhile, he had joined WCCO as a newscaster, and the station's receptionist immediately recognized the arrival of an unusual character. Adams' callers, some of them radio guests, included a Burmese temple dancer, French chefs, and seals.

He once announced that persons with four-leaf clovers would be admitted to a local movie. Nine thousand listeners showed up with the requisite sprigs and precipitated a near-riot.

Requesting two pianos for Army bases in Alaska, Adams received nineteen. In a recent "Flight of Dollars" campaign for the March of Dimes, Adams helped raise $175,000.

Which Twin has the Toni?



Diane and Barbara Stirling of Los Angeles, California. Says the Toni Twin, "My first Toni was the most beautiful wave I'd ever had . . . my hair never looked so lovely or felt so wonderfully soft." Which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a $20 permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set).

What is Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni has this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that has that $20 look. Barbara, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

Glamorous Cathleen Treacy, one of Chicago's loveliest models, says: "Every fashion model agrees that the best permanent is a wave that's soft and natural-looking. That is why so many of us use Toni Home Permanent."

NEW!

TONI MIDGET *SPIN* CURLERS

For perfect neckline curls far easier—far faster!

Wonderful for new, short hair styles. Winds short, wispy ends closer to the head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers and Toni Creme Shampoo. $1.50 value only **$1.33**

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! PROOF THAT USING

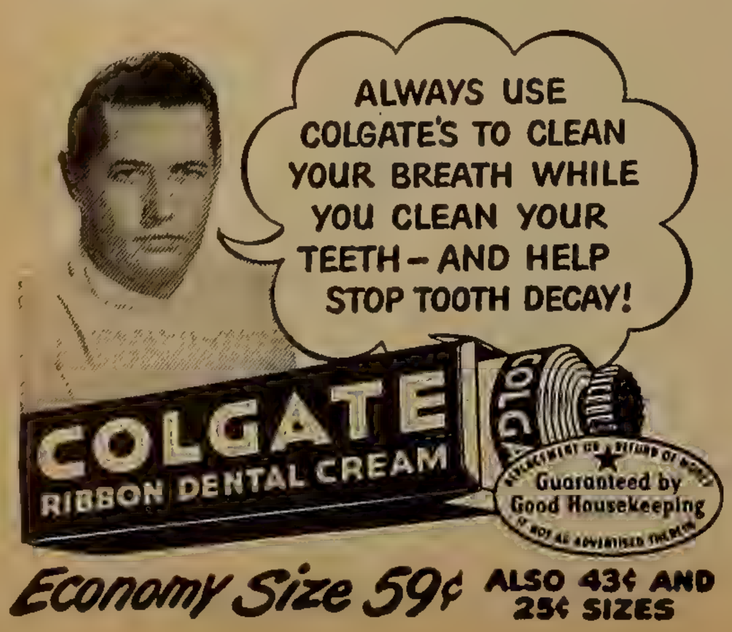
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

2 years' research at five leading universities proves that using Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

More than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—proves that using Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps stop decay before it starts! Modern research shows that decay is caused by acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

The Most Conclusive Proof In All Dentifrice History On Tooth Decay!

Yes, the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop decay!



Economy Size 59¢ ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

One of TV's newest brides, Darla Hood makes it her business to be beautiful every hour of the day and husband Bob Decker thoroughly approves of the idea.

BEAUTY FOR A *Bride*

Many a bride makes the mistake of thinking her man is still living in the dark ages. She dreads the prospect of letting him in on her beauty ritual. But, it's wasted worry. Friend husband knows that her cheeks are rouged, her nose is powdered, and her lips are painted. And, he doesn't mind one bit.

What he does object to is the hopeful bride who thinks her mate likes to see her looking completely natural. After she has combed the orange blossoms out of her hair, her attitude towards beauty does an about face. The little lady greets her groom every morning with a pale, wan look. When he arrives home at night, feeling tired and out of sorts, there she is again, busily engaged in keeping house. She just doesn't have time to fix her face.

But that's a pattern that petite Darla Hood, CBS star of the Ken Murray Show, refuses to follow.

Ever since she and Bob Decker married last January, Darla has taken a definite attitude about beauty. She feels it is all a matter of timing.

Because they work together on the show, Bob and Darla leave the apartment at the same hour. Darla gets up about a half hour before Bob. She dresses, puts on her make-up and combs her hair. Then, she wakes her better-half. While he's showering and dressing, Darla makes breakfast. Bob does the cleaning up.

As for her personal grooming ritual, Darla likes to care for her hair herself. She shampoos it weekly, and uses a hair dressing for setting. She also grooms her own hands and nails, and prefers a clear polish.

Because of Darla's vivid coloring, she wears only a cake make-up. She allows her eyebrows to follow a natural line, plucking only the strays.

Here's a couple who believes everything they do together is wonderful—even if it's just Bob watching Darla comb her hair. Include beauty in your wedding plans, too. It adds magic to your marriage.

in the comic strips this year. Bumstead, Senior, a billionaire, accused her of chasing Dagwood because he would inherit five railroads, and she said brazenly, "Oh, no! I would still like him if you had only one." Mr. Bumstead promptly disinherited Dagwood for marrying her—quite a scandal. It seems rather unkind to drag this up, because the depression sobered her. Baby Dumpling, born April 15, 1934, finished the trick. By the time she reached radio in 1939, Blondie was the loyal true wife we know today.

There is more than meets the eye in the arrival of Blondie. She heralded a vast change that was coming to the air as well as to the comics. Until this time, the funnies had followed a rigid formula. Each day's adventures were complete in themselves, usually climaxed by some act of simple violence, a "Sock" or a "Powie" or a "Boom." This year the continued story caught on, following the trail blazed in 1929 by Buck Rogers and Tarzan in the newspapers and The Goldbergs and Amos 'n' Andy on the air. The inevitable next step was the daytime serial.

The nickname "soap opera" for daytime dramas is one of the great injustices of history because drug companies like Sterling and Whitehall, and food companies like General Mills and General Foods sponsor nearly as many as do soap-sellers Lever Brothers or Procter and Gamble. Let all who love the daily problems, disasters and suspense (and who doesn't) pause and give credit where credit is due.

Chicago was the birthplace of this new dramatic form. Many resourceful writers contributed, but the name Hummert stands out above all the rest, undisputedly the true Columbus of the daytime serial. Just as Christopher dreamed of far shores beyond the empty Atlantic, Frank Hummert of the Blackett and Sample Advertising Agency saw opportunity in the empty daytime hours of radio. Before 1930, evening was considered the only time of any real use to sponsors. During the day, men were in offices and women were busy with housework. Who was free to listen to sales talk? A show before five p.m. was just throwing money away, wasn't it?

Frank Hummert thought differently. Women handled the household money. The logical time to get, for the agency's household items accounts, a part of that was in the morning before mama called the market. He was exploring this line of thought when something that was to be of major importance to radio occurred. A young lady, Mrs. Anne Ashenhurst, went to work as his secretary.

She lasted just two weeks. Then she was promoted and she and Frank Hummert began to outline some of the forty-seven dramas that they were to bring to the air. By 1935 when they were married, both were vice-presidents of what had become Blackett, Sample and Hummert, and were ready to move to New York and form a new company, Air Features, to produce radio dramas. Some of their programs, like Stolen Husband, Terry and Mary, Amanda of Honeymoon Hill, The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters, Valiant Lady, and John's Other Wife are heard no more, but others have taken their places.

The dean of currently heard daytime serials is Just Plain Bill. The Hummerts put him on the air in 1932, and

Mennen Baby Magic

the sensational all purpose baby skin care

checks diaper odor

. . . checks diaper rash

in the unbreakable squeeze bottle

— the new, luxuriously fragrant, liquefied cream that soothes, smooths, and beautifies baby's skin. Makes everyone say, "Sweetest baby I've ever seen!" Mennen Baby Magic contains new miracle ingredient — gentle "Purateen". More sanitary, easier to use . . . in the Unbreakable Safety-Squeeze Bottle.

P.S. *You'll love it for your skin, too!*

49¢ *each*

choice of 3 nursery colors

he is still going strong. So are their Romance of Helen Trent, Backstage Wife, David Harum, Our Gal Sunday, Young Widder Brown, Stella Dallas, Lorenzo Jones, Front Page Farrell and the latest addition to the list, Nona from Nowhere.

Naturally, two people cannot keep all of these stories going without aid. From the start, the Hummerts roughed out story lines some six months in advance, then turned that framework over to dialogue writers, keeping as many as fifteen on the payroll on occasion. Many familiar name authors have kept the wolf from the door by laboring for them or others in this ripe vineyard when times were hard. For one, Charles Jackson wrote Sweet River, a story of a minister in love with a schoolteacher, for two and a half years while he was working on his *The Lost Weekend.*

Irna Phillips is another giant of daytime drama. She taught school for several years after graduating from the University of Illinois. One summer she worked at WGN without pay for the experience. She had packed, ready to return to her pupils, when the station offered her fifty dollars a week to stay and write a family serial, Painted Dreams. Compared to the pay of a school teacher, this was riches. She never went back to a classroom. Her works are Today's Children, Woman In White, Lonely Women, Right to Happiness, Guiding Light and Road of Life. She is said to have written more words and made more money than any other one person in the field. This may well be true. Procter and Gamble paid her a tidy $175,000 for the rights to the last three, feeling that it would be an economy to get less expensive authors to continue them on straight salary. Miss Phillips had no objection. She had plenty of new ideas.

Elaine Carrington, who started as a magazine writer, is the third of the greatest in the daytime field. She is known as "the member in mink" at the Radio Writers Guild (which she helped found) because she also was canny enough to hold onto the rights to her stories, Red Davis (1932), Pepper Young's Family, Rosemary and When A Girl Marries.

The Hummerts, Irna Phillips and Elaine Carrington are the top three names in the world of daytime drama, but there are dozens of other writers pouring out the thirty-five serials that fill some 20,000,000 homes with suspense five days a week. A recent survey reveals that the average "serial addict" listens to 5.8 continued stories daily.

Yes, a wonderful year, 1930, for it started all this and Stoopnagle and Budd, too. They were flung into fame when an act failed to show up at a Buffalo station and announcer Budd Hulick was stuck at the microphone. He frantically signalled for Chase Taylor, another staff man, to come to his rescue. They kept things going for the next hour and a half with dialogue from the swiftly invented characters of Budd and Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle whose idiotic inventions were to become famous: the stringless violin (to save tuning), the alarm clock with half a bell (for roommates), the turkey crossed with a centipede (to get a thousand drumsticks), etc.

On the poetry front, Edgar Guest had begun reading his immensely popular verse, and Tony Wons was already deep into the one hundred thousand poems he was to recite on the air.

Wons's story is extraordinary. He was born of poor parents in Wisconsin.

His father died when he was thirteen, and the boy left school to support his mother and five little brothers and sisters by working in a typewriter factory at four dollars a week. He was wounded in the first World War and spent a year and a half on his back, thinking out his answers to many things. In 1934 he started his famous Are You Listening? and also The House By the Side of the Road. The homely philosophy and tender sentimentality of this uneducated boy brought pleasure and comfort to countless thousands.

Joe Penner's nonsensical "Wanna buy a duck?" also took to the air this year. So did Phil Cook, "the one-man army of voices," and the Rin-tin-tin thrillers. These were one-act dramas featuring the great dog star of the movies. A quarter of a million people wrote for pictures of him in the next two years. The Mystery Chef did even better. He pulled over a million letters in the next five years, and for a long time after was to stay among the top three for fan mail response. Sherlock Holmes began his long run, though the most famous of his interpreters, Basil Rathbone, was not to take over until 1939.

The big event in news was the first round-the-world broadcast, when a program flashed from Schenectady to Holland, Java, Australia and back in less than a second. News reporting took a big step ahead when the brilliantly informed lecturer and author, Lowell Thomas went on regularly (he had been first heard on KDKA in 1925). Thomas holds degrees from four universities, and taught English literature at Princeton in 1914. His career as a world traveler started when President Wilson sent him to Europe to do a history of the First World War. Then he wrote the best-selling biography, *Lawrence of Arabia,* and the story of Count Luckner, *The Sea Devil*—first of some forty books turned out between jaunts to the ends of the earth during war and peace, and the broadcasting of well over two million words.

An event of the greatest importance was the sponsorship by CBS of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the first symphonic program to take to the air regularly, heard at the same hour ever since, making it the oldest continuous program of its kind. CBS started another important public service program this year, The American School of the Air, which ran for seventeen years as a sustaining show, the first big educational hour designed for use directly in schools. Both cost huge sums, but the contribution to the culture of the country is inestimable. Today, the New York Symphony reaches forty-four million listeners each season.

That figure is a fact, not a guess, because in 1930 radio learned how to count its audience. Before that there was absolutely no way to tell who was listening to what. Advertisers were spending very large sums on air shows. Quite reasonably, they were curious to know how effective it was. Two big associations of advertisers got together in 1929 and commissioned a well-known researcher, Archibald M. Crossley, to make the first scientific survey. He started in 1930 by putting a sizeable staff on the telephone to ask people what they had listened to the day before. His method was good, but he returned to market analysis when Claude Ernest Hooper came along in 1938 with something new, and put the word "Hooperating" on every tongue in radio. Hooper introduced what he calls the "telephone co-incidental." That means that 1470 telephone calls are made every

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .

Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Jars: $2, $1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

1 **Leaves hair silken soft,** instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you —after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

R M

Don't risk your charm with old-fashioned ineffective deodorants

ONLY ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES:

1 Stops perspiration quickly and safely.

2 Banishes odor instantly.

3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.

4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.

5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.

6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or cakes in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.

7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New ODO·RO·NO CREAM

the deodorant without a doubt

GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

half hour from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. with the question "What are you listening to *now?*" His ratings are based on percentages. A program with a Hooperating of 30 means that 30 per cent of the people called were listening to that program. Incidentally, such a rating is extremely high, touched by only the very biggest of stars. The average show celebrates if it gets up as high as 10. The biggest ever recorded was 79 for President Roosevelt's war message after Pearl Harbor.

How Hooper's big business worked is interesting. His 1470 interviewers telephone from their own homes in thirty-six cities under direction of a local supervisor and traveling inspectors. They go through a telephone book in about a year, and then start over again, so what they get eventually is a complete sampling of each city. They must keep their employment a secret. The quickest way to get an operator fired is to say to a Hooper executive, "I know one of your interviewers." The reason is that a friend of a friend might know somebody on a local station, and there must be no slightest suspicion of a slanted report. Twice a year, Hooper makes a national survey that includes rural and city homes without telephones and, of course, he makes countless other surveys to order.

Two other of the biggest companies in the rating field are Nielsen and Pulse. Nielsen uses the audimeter, an attachment placed on radios to record automatically what stations are tuned in. Pulse uses interviewers who work on a door-to-door basis. Hooper dominated the field for years, but by 1950, Nielsen had grown so powerful that he bought Hooper out, and combined the two companies in one huge service.

There is widespread confusion about these companies. Most people think that they take polls of opinion as do Gallup and Roper. This is not true. They stick to finding out how many people are listening at all times, though they do ask such questions as "Will you tell me how many women and children are listening?" This is to give a sponsor a check on his audience because if only children are listening to a program advertising a shaving cream, something is obviously wrong.

1931: The depression had its grip on the East and was working West. There were lines at soup kitchens, men sleeping on park benches, apple sellers in the streets. Migrants walked over the country looking for work. The book that topped the best seller list was *The Good Earth,* a story of similar hardship in China, though Ely Culbertson's books on bridge had enormous sales because nobody had money to go out on. They stayed at home, played cards, listened to the new songs, "The Night Was Made For Love," "I Found A Million Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store," "Minnie the Moocher" and "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries" which launched a spate of labored wisecracks (that hooch is just a bowl of hangover, that speech is just a bowl of baloney).

This was the year the newcomer, James Cagney, smashed the grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face in "Public Enemy"; another promising new player, Clark Gable, got his big chance as Joan Crawford's leading man in "Dance Fools Dance"; and Boris Karloff brought a new kind of love to the little ones in the first Frankenstein film, and there was a fabulous new personality on the radio, too, every time you turned it on.

The Mills Brothers, after making a good start in (*Continued on page* 78)

POETRY

DID I?

I say a lot of did I's before I sleep at night;
Did I lock the doors and windows
Did I turn out every light?
Did I pack away the cookies?
Did I put the dog to bed?
Did I this and did I that
Till it's just like counting sheep?
Or pulling rabbits from a hat.
I check each item in my mind
And next thing I recall
It's time to up and dress again.
Did I go to sleep at all?

—Georga Birkness

SHELTER

A
fir
green
slender
cool gave
sanctuary
to a hunted
bird flown so
frightened from
the open meadow
to rest her heart
her drooping wing
where none will see
in woven-branched
safe covert
of deep
and
kindly shadow

—Mary Alden Campbell

MY POEM FOR YOU

Of this I'm sure, I love you very much;
And even when you are away from me
I still can feel your cool, assuring touch
Upon my hand, the way a summer sea
Creeps into shore and with a soft caress
Leaves a lingering smoothness on the sand.
I love the way your clear gray eyes express
Your thoughts, the way you always understand
The inmost secrets of my faltering heart,
A kindred feeling I cannot define.
As bud and leaf become a counterpart
Of supple bough, each dream of yours is mine.
Like faith returned with spring to earth and tree,
That is what you are, my dear, to me.

—Betty Jane Kranz

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

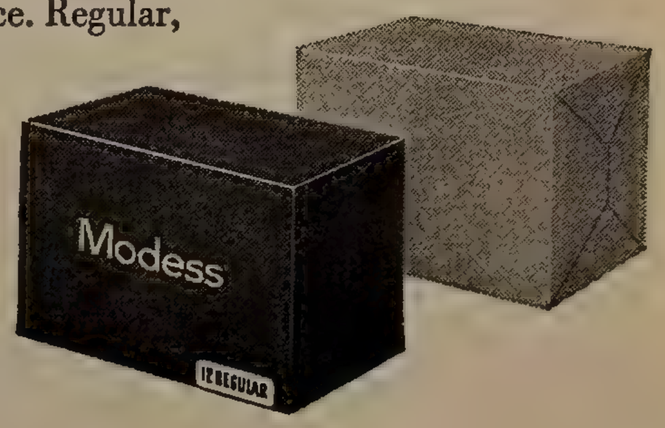
for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.

the
NEW SHAPE
is the
NEWS

The new-shape overskirt . . . news because of its extravagant draping. Designed with one idea in mind . . . to lend silhouette drama to a little slip-of-a-dress.

The new-shape Modess box . . . news because of its one wonderful purpose. Designed to resemble many *other* kinds of boxes so closely that, when wrapped, it hides your secret completely. Another thoughtful Modess feature . . . boxes are now pre-wrapped before they even reach your store.

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.



Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!

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FACING

By BOB POOLE

The Bob Poole Show is heard M-F 11:15 A.M. and 3 P.M. over Mutual stations, including WNAC, Boston, Mass., and KVET, Austin, Tex.

Wilkes-Barre students won a New York trip to see Bob Poole's show in commemoration of the town's Bob Poole Day. Proceedings were aired by WBAX.

No, this isn't Bing but his next door Wednesday night CBS neighbor, George "Sugar Throat" Burns. Gracie is looking for a singing spot for hubby.

Believe it or not, the trend in popular music seems to be toward the revival of Dixieland bands. Jimmy Dorsey has come back to public favor in a big way with such a band. Small units of five and six men playing this type of ragtime are becoming more and more popular. And rumor has it that even Claude Thornhill is seriously thinking of starting a Dixieland group.

* * *

A recent issue of the RCA Victor Picture Record Review pictured the sixteen top vocal artists in the country and listed their home towns. As the Record Review pointed out, the state of Virginia may be the home of presidents, but New York is the home of singers. Four of the top sixteen were born in New York. Here's the listing: Perry Como, Canonsburg, Pa.; Fran Warren, New York, N. Y.; Dick Haymes, New York, N. Y.; Dinah Shore, Winchester, Tenn.; Peggy Lee, Jamestown, N. D.; Vic Damone, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mindy Carson, New York, N. Y.; Bing Crosby, Tacoma, Wash.; Frank Sinatra, Hoboken, N. J.; Lisa Kirk, Roscoe, Pa.; Billy Eckstine, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ella Fitzgerald, Newport News, Va.; Margaret Whiting, Detroit, Mich.; Frankie Laine, Chicago, Ill.; Doris Day, Dayton, O.; and Bill Lawrence, East St. Louis, Ill.

* * *

It may sound just a little bit incongruous, but conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra and chasing fire engines makes plenty of sense to Arthur Fiedler, who does both with equal vitality. Conductor Fiedler is honorary fire chief of Boston, Massachusetts and has his car equipped with special license plates and a two-way radio. He even owns a Dalmatian—usually the symbol of fire engines and clanging bells.

* * *

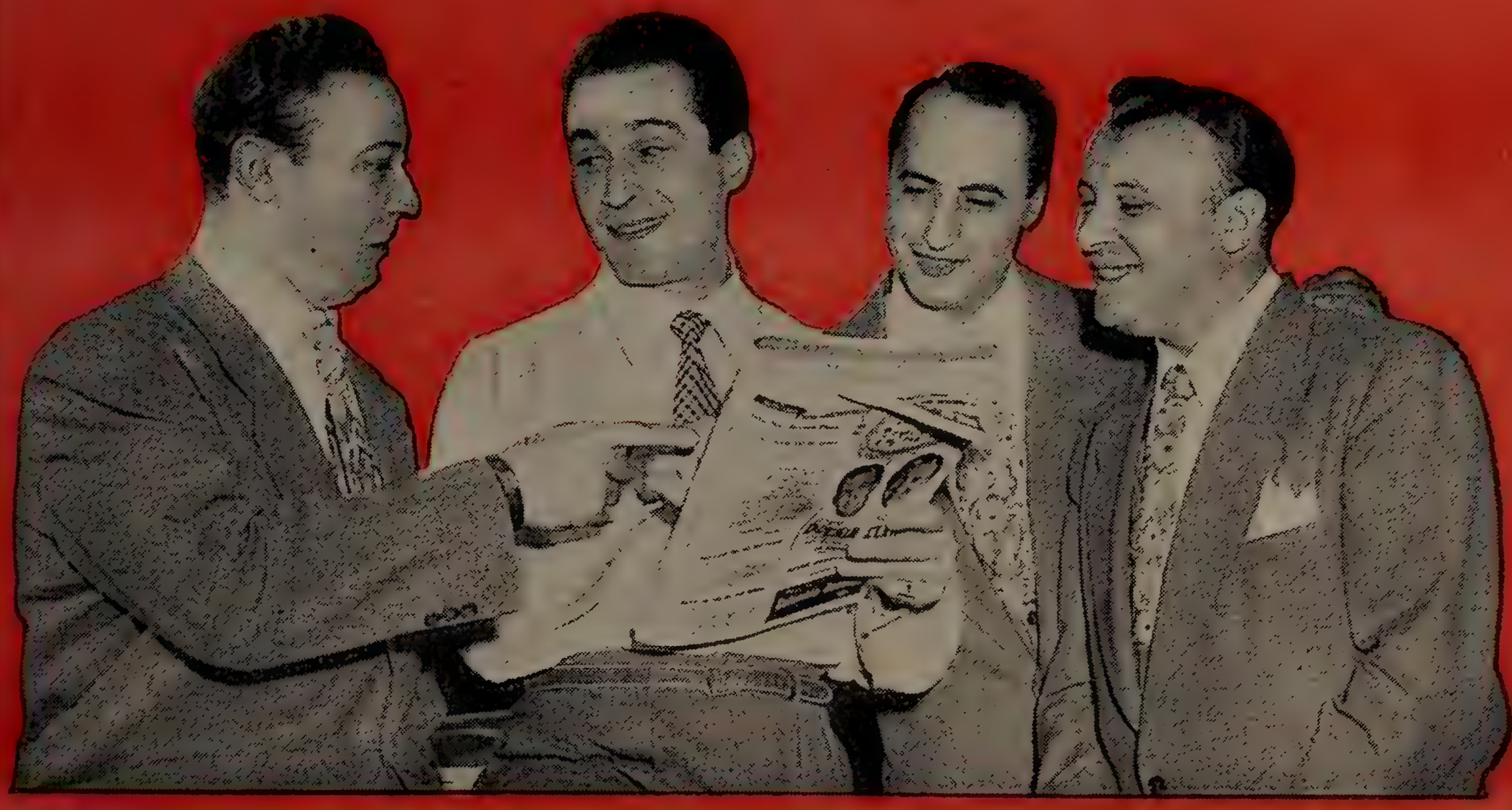
Wanna be a top-notch song writer? There's lots of good advice contained in a book published by Simon and Schuster. Written by Oscar Hammerstein, the tome is called *Lyrics*. And who could give better advice than the word-writing half of Rodgers and Hammerstein?

(*Continued on page* 24)

the MUSIC

Announcer Ford Bond, l. and Paul Lavalle, leader of NBC's Band of America, celebrate show's twenty-fourth year of sponsored broadcasting.

WPEN (Phila.) disc jockey Ed Hurst with Sarah Vaughan, voted nation's #1 girl singer by *Billboard* and *Metronome* for third consecutive year.



Victor recording artists Perry Como and the Three Suns compare popularity ratings on their latest platter releases

TONI TWINS Discover New Shampoo Magic

Soft-Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water

"Toni Creme Shampoo won us with its very first performance" say radiant brunet twins Katherine and Kathleene Ring of Chicago. "Our hair was so beautifully soft . . . as if we washed it in rainwater. And that wonderful softness made it much easier to manage."

Soft-Water Shampooing . . . that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

- *Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage*
- *Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer*
- *Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly*
- *Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights*

Enriched with Lanolin

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 23*)

There's little doubt about it now, Vic Damone has really hit the top. He's purchased a big California home and is moving his mother out there from Brooklyn some time this summer. Vic's also about ready to start work on his first MGM film with Jane Powell. Originally called "Nancy Goes To Paris," they've changed the film title to "The Last Time I Saw Paris." They'll probably change it at least three or four more times before it's released.

* * *

From a chair in the trumpet section of Glenn Miller's band to a baton in front of his own band in the U. S. Navy was a lucky move for Ray Anthony. Right now it looks as though Ray's band is definitely headed for the top. When he recently played a return engagement at New York's Hotel Statler, Ray had Ronnie Deauville singing with the band again. Ronnie had left the band a year previous to try his hand and his vocal chords at being a single. Also new to the band is lovely Betty Holliday, who replaced Pat Baldwin as female vocalist. Betty was discovered by Jackson Lowe, disc jockey on WWDC, Washington, D.C.

* * *

Although she's only twenty-three years old now, Eileen Barton has been in show business for twenty years and once went into "retirement!" Now that Eileen's recording of "If I Knew You Were Coming (I'd've Baked A Cake)" reached the big-hit status, show people recall her debut, at the age of three, with vaudeville act of her parents. The "retirement" came when Eileen reached school age. She returned to the show world in 1944 as understudy to Nancy Walker in "Best Foot Forward."

* * *

How does a disc jockey pick the hits? It's easy when your name is Al Anderson, who spins the platters on WDEV, Waterbury, Vermont. Al just plays them for his young son who nods his head in approval or disapproval. Thus far, Al's youngster, Kent, has "picked" such hits as "Cruising Down The River," "Baby It's Cold Outside" and "You're Breaking My Heart." Oh yes, the "little genius" is all of two and a half years old!

* * *

New York University is now offering a course in jazz history. Teaching is John Hammond, the famous music critic and formerly vice president of Mercury Records. Thus far John has listed Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Count Basie and Eddie Condon as guest lecturers.

* * *

The people in Western Europe are getting a break that's being denied to us Yanks. Jo Stafford, the beautiful and talented vocalist is conducting her own disc jockey program over Radio Luxembourg every week. Consisting of eight popular American recordings and Jo's comments, the program is creating quite a stir over there.

* * *

It's been some time since Frank Sinatra actually recorded his album of Alec Wilder music, but the recent announcement from Columbia Records that the album is now available on a long-playing record makes it opportune to dish out this reminder that Frank conducted the orchestra in this case instead of handling the vocals. Most interesting is the list of unusual titles Mr. Wilder has given his compositions. Take your pick from among "She'll Be Seven In May," "It's Silk, Feel It," "Her Old Man Was Suspicious," and "His First Long Pants.'

* * *

It's really music in the air now that National Airlines has installed a recorded music system in all luxury flights between New York, Miami and Havana. Not unexpected is the announcement that flights South will take off to the strains of "Moon Over Miami" while northbound passengers will be serenaded with "Sidewalks of New York."

* * *

Proof that even a mammoth corporation can get into action in a hurry was demonstrated by the speed with which Columbia records issued the unusual Arthur Godfrey-Mary Martin recording of "Go To Sleep, Go To Sleep, Go To Sleep." The duo made the recording on a Tuesday afternoon and it was in all the shops by Friday.

* * *

Frankie Laine is another recording artist who's now in film-land for motion picture work. Frankie will be seen in a Columbia musical that's been titled and retitled about six times but will definitely feature Kay Starr and Bob Crosby in addition to Frankie.

* * *

Ezio Pinza was quoted in *Etude* as saying "I am absolutely against the idea of starting to study singing too early. At sixteen the voice is not yet developed. I suggest waiting at least another two years. I started at nineteen." . . .

* * *

And now for the third consecutive year, Sarah Vaughan has been voted the nation's Number One Girl singer by the two musicians' magazines, *Downbeat* and *Metronome*. . . . The mashieniblick set should be interested in a London Records album called "Shooting Par Golf With Sam Snead." It's golf lessons on wax by the well-known master, himself. . . . Jane Pickens is back in action again making a personal appearance tour of hotels and night clubs singing with a group of six male singers.

* * *

The Slim Gaillard record of "Organ Oreenie" was actually written and recorded in the space of twelve minutes! It happened when Slim was in the recording studios and saw a Hammond organ. Despite the fact that he had never played one in his life, he sat down at the organ and tinkered with it long enough to come up with a simple blues melody which was then expanded into a regular three-minute recording.

Have YOU ever been Jilted?
(SEE PAGE 85)
Paid Notice

Collector's Corner

BY ELLIOT LAWRENCE

(The youthful and smiling Elliot Lawrence may well be the youngest man to lead a popular dance band in the history of modern American music. Starting out as the leader of a studio band at a Philadelphia radio station, Elliot has steadily climbed to the point where he is the favorite college band in the country. His Columbia records share his popularity.

My likes and dislikes in music follow no definite pattern. I like sweet dance music, I like symphonic music—in short, I like any and all types of music. However, I thoroughly dislike a shabby interpretation. In this light I would like to list my favorite records, all of which I believe are worthy of being in any collection of the finest.

1. "Bijou" by Woody Herman—with applause for Bill Harris' wonderful trombone.
2. "Artistry in Rhythm" by Stan Kenton—a great record by a sincere artist.
3. "Voice of Frank Sinatra" album, with my favorite being Frank's rendition of "These Foolish Things."
4. "Tenderly" by Sarah Vaughan, who is one of the finest new singers.
5. "Benny Rides Again" by Benny Goodman—great because of Eddie Sauter's outstanding arrangement.
6. "I Can't Get Started With You" by Lennie Tristano—a great piano solo.
7. Ravel's "La Valse," by the Boston Symphony.
8. Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Arthur Rodzinski. (Brahms is my favorite classical composer.)
9. "Oo-Pah-Pada" by Dizzy Gillespie—the greatest bebop rendition.
10. "Ritual Fire Dance"—my own Columbia disc, because it represents months of hard work by my arrangers and musicians who poured their "all" into it.

What you should know about Tooth Decay

NO ONE WAY TO PREVENT TOOTH DECAY... Many things can cause tooth decay—and there are many theories on how to prevent it. Almost all dental authorities agree that there is no one preventive. Possible causes of tooth decay can be grouped as follows: *Bacteria, Poor diet, Bodily defects.*

WHERE DENTIFRICES CAN'T HELP . . . A dentifrice cannot prevent decay resulting from poor diet, especially in early childhood. Nor can a dentifrice prevent decay caused by sickness or bodily defects.

ATTACKING BACTERIA . . . Squibb and others make dentifrices that help combat bacteria held to be harmful to the teeth. Squibb uses magnesium hydrate in its Dental Cream and Toothpowder. This alkalizer helps neutralize mouth acids in which harmful bacteria thrive. Others use ammoniated substances to alkalize these bacteria. *There is no conclusive proof that one alkalizer is more effective than the other.*

BRUSHING TEETH CAN HELP . . . Most dentists recommend brushing teeth after every meal with some form of dentifrice. All do not believe that a dentifrice can help prevent decay, but they know that dentifrices help in other important ways . . . to improve the appearance of your teeth . . . to clean away food particles . . . to freshen your taste and breath. Squibb Dental Cream contains real mint as a refresher. It helps polish teeth to *normal* whiteness without harming tooth enamel. Important also are purity and safety—if swallowed, Squibb Dental Cream has a gentle antacid effect.

SAVE YOURSELF WORRY, PAIN, EXPENSE . . . Remember . . . a good, reliable dentifrice cannot combat all the possible causes of tooth decay. See your dentist regularly for a complete checkup. That is still the best way to save yourself needless worry, pain and expense.

Leaflets containing this text, are available to dentists upon request. Write E. R. Squibb & Sons, Room 107, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

RELIABILITY · UNIFORMITY · PURITY · EFFICACY · E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

SQUIBB Dental Cream

R
M

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

have a

"party hair-do"

all day long

with

Gayla*

HOLD·BOB*

bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do.
Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully; are easy to sleep on.
Easy to open. Keep hair-dos lovely because they hold better.
There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use
Gayla HOLD·BOB *than all other bobby pins combined*

R
M

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
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What MY GARDEN means to me

EVERETT MITCHELL GARDEN CONTEST WINNERS

Here are the prize-winning letters, picked by Everett Mitchell himself, as announced in the March issue. The persons whose letters are printed below have been awarded gardens—seeds, bulbs, shrubs—especially selected by the National Garden Bureau and valued at the amounts listed below. To the winners, the editors of RADIO MIRROR *extend best wishes for hours of happy gardening.*

Everett Mitchell conducts the Farm and Home Hour, Sat., 1:00 P.M. EDT, NBC, sponsored by Allis-Chalmers Farm Machinery; Town and Farm Show, M.-S., 6:15 A.M. CDT, WMAQ., Sponsored M., W., F. by Armour.

WINNER OF $50 GARDEN PRIZE

My garden means the difference between boredom and a happy life. I always loved to garden and when I lost both limbs eight years ago I thought I was through. With the help of friends we rigged up a platform with four large rubber tire castor type wheels which enables me to get anywhere in the yard. By keeping the beds narrow, I am able to do all the work myself and have blooms from early Spring until late Fall. The long winter hours are spent looking at nursery catalogs and planning next year's garden.—**E. V. Shorr, Weston, West Virginia.**

WINNER OF $35 PRIZE

My garden is a blessed haven from the noisy, fretful world, a daily source of real satisfaction. There I feel peace, contentment, joy, pride and gratitude while pursuing its health-giving activities. How richly it compensates for the lack of human friendships. Truly, "Man was lost—and saved—in a garden."—**Milton McAllister, San Antonio, Texas.**

WINNER OF $25 PRIZE

My garden gives me an opportunity to work with sunshine and soil and to see the miracle of life come forth to reward my labor with lovely blooms, sweet fragrance and nourishing vegetables, and to learn that, like life, a garden pays back in proportion to what is put into it.—**Allen W. Cooper, Hillsdale, Wis.**

WINNER OF $20 PRIZE

"Paradise was lost" in a garden.
Each spring
I plant—God waters with rain,
I tend—He warms with sunshine,
I watch—He blesses with flowers and fruit,
In bulb and seed I behold Christ's resurrection re-enacted,
Walking in my garden at eventide—
"Paradise is regained."—**Raymond A. Weaver, Niangua, Mo.**

WINNERS OF $10 PRIZES

When I work with my flowers, it seems a new miracle unfolds as each new leaf appears. I feel closer to the Supreme Being, who gives us all rich blessings from our efforts in working in the soil. Am gaining back my health, and adding to my small income as a veteran's widow from my garden.—**Mrs. Martina C. Paull, Rough and Ready, Calif.**

A Scotch preacher once told me working in the soil was magic and soul-cleansing. I believe it. I like the feel of the good earth. Gardening slows me down to a leisurely pace, soothes nerves, eliminates resentments, banishes fear, brings peace to my soul and arouses a spirit of expectancy.—**Mrs. Walter Brink, Medway, Ohio.**

ALVIN SAPINSLEY

Many television playwrights regard attendance at rehearsals of their plays as a necessary evil. CBS-TV's Suspense writer, Alvin Sapinsley, however, enjoys being at as many rehearsals as possible.

"There are many reasons for attending rehearsals," Sapinsley says. "A writer can't know too much about directing, acting and production. The more he learns about all phases of television, the better craftsman he will be."

Sapinsley, a twenty-eight-year-old bachelor, also confessed he has another personal reason for catching rehearsals. He's an ex-actor who switched to writing when he was midway through Bard College at Annandale on the Hudson, New York. Having decided to write plays instead of acting in them, he pitched right in and wrote three plays before he was graduated in 1942.

"Of course," says Sapinsley, "there's still another reason for being on hand when the director takes the actors through your play. It's the problem of revision. I like to do my own revising and cutting. I've discovered that after a play has been cut to the bone, it's still possible to take another minute out. My first rule in cutting is to take out my favorite line.

"I have found that words are least important to a play. The most important thing is the idea and words are used only to help put across the idea."

After Sapinsley got out of the army in December, 1945, he went to work writing plays. He wrote the program Famous Jury Trials for six months and worked for a publicity package organization. Last year he started on an original screen play for Laurel Films but before he really got going he heard that World Video was looking for a playwright to transform the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, "The Front Page," into a CBS television series.

Sapinsley applied, along with several other writers. Each had a hand at a script and Sapinsley was chosen. He wrote eighteen Front Page half-hour scripts in a row and this assignment led to others. He wrote a half-hour adaptation of Hardy's "The Three Strangers" for Actors' Studio; then followed two full-hour scripts for the same show, which is now known as CBS-TV's The Play's the Thing.

"Writing for television," he says "has given me writing discipline. Now I can write for eight hours straight. I also have had practise using my imagination and I know what hard work writing is."

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—*see* which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.

R M

Joan Davis Announces:

An Exciting

SHARE YOUR IDEAS WITH OTHER MARRIED WOMEN, WITH JUNE BRIDES—YOUR LETTER MAY WIN EXCITING, VALUABLE PRIZES!

By JOAN DAVIS of When a Girl Marries

I don't suppose there's a solitary woman in the world today who doesn't give some thought to making her marriage—whether it is an accomplished fact or still in dream-stage—a happy, successful one.

Of course, when a man and a woman plan to spend the rest of their lives together, they're in love and sure that they'll be happy, or they wouldn't marry. But it is almost impossible, these days, to go to a movie, pick up a magazine, read a book, without seeing or hearing about marriage problems—and so, although a girl may be perfectly certain in her mind and heart that her marriage will be—or is—the happiest on the face of the earth, she'll give some thought, just the same, to the things she sees and reads about. She will have some idea about how she can make her marriage a continuing success.

Nowadays, thank goodness, young couples usually talk over the important phases of marriage during courtship—a far cry from grandma's day, when you "just didn't mention" such things as the number of children you'd like to have, whether the wife should continue to work, whether you want to own your own home, and the many other shoals on which, if there isn't a meeting of minds, marriage can come to grief.

I know that when Harry and I were first married, we'd already done a great deal of thinking about making our marriage work. For example, we had decided that, as we both loved children, we'd have a family. We'd talked over where and how we wanted to live; we knew that we had mutual tastes and interests that should give us a good basis for happiness. But I'd gone farther than that—I'd made a mental list of my faults, virtues, and ways of doing things. I'd also made a list of those same traits in Harry's character. Then I sat down to consider points on which we were sure to agree, points on which we might disagree, how such disagreements could be avoided or peaceably settled. Then I tried to put myself in Harry's place—to decide what I'd want in a wife; and, from my own point of view, I listed what I wanted in a husband. I thought about how to put these wishes into practise, and boiled all my ideas and information down into a set of happy marriage rules for myself.

That's the sort of thing I mean when I say that every woman should have a set of rules to guide her in her marriage. If you think a moment, you'll see what I mean. Maybe you don't call them by such a formal name as "rules"—maybe you simply act by instinct, without having gone through the process of making rules for yourself. But call it what you will you surely have some idea about making your marriage—whether you're married now or still single—a happy and a successful one.

What better time than June, traditional month of brides, for sharing your marriage rules with other women? Won't you send me *your three rules for happy marriage?* Simply list the three rules you think are most important for a wife to follow in making her marriage a happy one! Your rules may win valuable prizes!

PLEASE TURN TO NEXT PAGE FOR CONTEST DETAILS

When A Girl Marries is heard every Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EDT, over NBC, sponsored by Swansdown and Calumet.

NEW MARRIAGE CONTEST

Joan Davis and her family: Harry, her husband, and two children—Sammy, ten years old, Hope, three.

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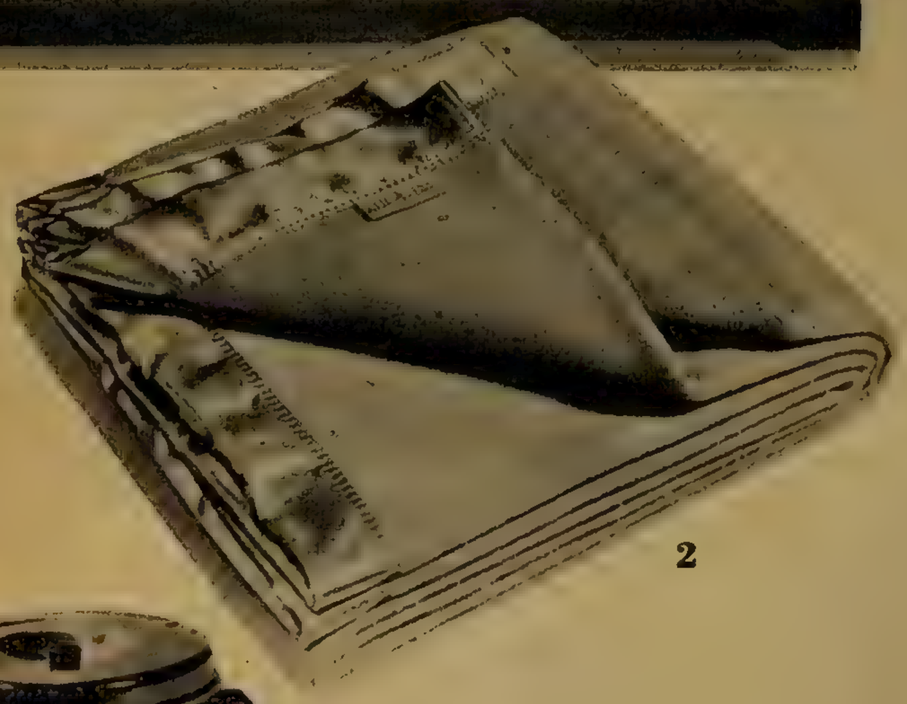

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Your happy marriage letter makes yo

PRIZES PICTURED ON THESE PAGES

FOR THE BEST THREE RULES FROM A GIRL NOT YET MARRIED

Service for twelve, Nobility Silver Plate by Empire Crafts Corp. (picture 1). Two-piece set of matched luggage by Tommy Traveler (19). Fashions: one Junior Deb suit, one Rojay blouse, one Junior Accent party dress, one Lass O'Scotland knitted dress, one Colby hat; jewelry by Coro, gloves by Grandoe, scarves by Baar and Beards, lingerie by Saab. One Lane cedar chest, modern design, with extra full-length drawer (14). One Toastmaster electric toaster, (6). Four-piece set Wear-Ever Steam-Seal Aluminum utensils, with self-basting covers (3). Treasure chest of cosmetics and toiletries.

FOR THE BEST THREE RULES FROM A WOMAN MARRIED ONE TO FIVE YEARS

Westinghouse electric roaster oven with plastic control dial, look-in lid (8). One Evans fitted hand bag. One Universal Coffeematic, eight-cup electric percolator, with automatic brewing control (12). Westinghouse Streamliner electric iron with thumb-tip temperature control dial (5). Bissell Vanity Carpet Sweeper with patented Bisco-matic brush action (4). Benrus Embraceable Watch with rigid golden bracelet (11). Detecto Bathroom Ensemble: aluminum hamper, bathroom scale and aluminum waste basket (15).

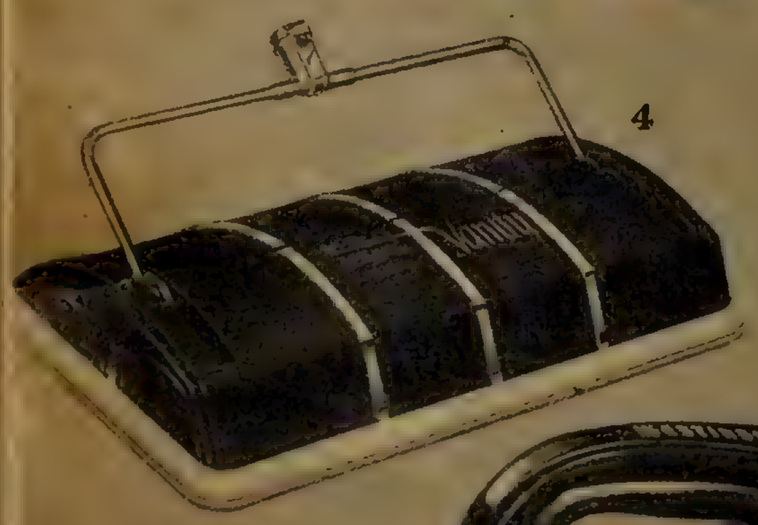
FOR THE BEST THREE RULES FROM A WOMAN MARRIED FIVE YEARS OR MORE

Hoover DeLuxe Upright Vacuum Cleaner, Model 62, full set of attachments (16). Matching Cannon bath mat, bath and hand towels and washcloths in newest colors, complete "towel wardrobe" (17). KitchenAid Home Mixer with fourteen attachments, including slicer and shredder, can opener, silver buffer, etc. (9). Nesco Pressure Cooker, stainless steel, 4-quart capacity (7). North Star Blankets; 2 winter-weight Zephyr blankets, 2 summer-weight Nocturne blankets (2). West Bend 5-piece griddle set, featuring sensational new griddle meter (18). Electric Home Coffee Mill by Kitchen-Aid, with regulator to adjust grind for favorite method of coffee making (13). Crosley radio especially designed for kitchen (10).

RUNNER-UP PRIZES

To each of the five unmarried women who send in the next-best sets of rules, one Evans Pocket Lighter. To each of the five married women who send in the next-best sets of rules, one 4-piece set Wear-Ever Aluminum.

NOTE: Those prizes not pictured on these pages, including the various fashion items and the treasure chest of cosmetics and toiletries, will be pictured in the July issue of Radio Mirror Magazine.



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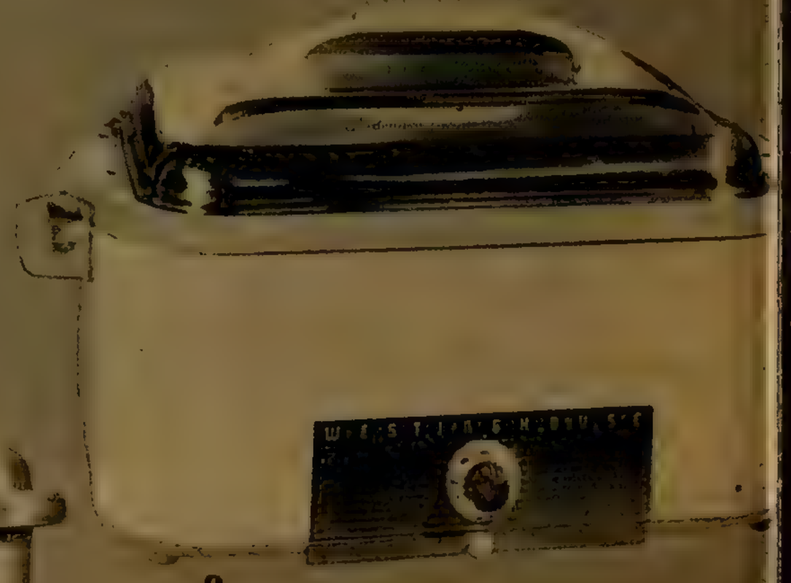

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ligible to compete for these prizes for home and trousseau!

CONTEST RULES

1. List your own three rules for happy marriage.

2. Address your rules to Happy Marriage, RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Your entry must be postmarked no later than midnight, June 10, 1950.

3. Major prizes, as listed on the opposite page, will be awarded in three groups—one group of prizes to the unmarried woman who sends in the best rules; one group to the woman married one to five years who sends in the best rules; one group to the woman married five years or more who sends in the best rules.

4. The editors of RADIO MIRROR will be the sole judges; all entries become the property of RADIO MIRROR and none will be returned. Rules will be judged on the basis of sincerity, aptness of thought, originality and clarity.

5. Be sure to include your full name and address. Indicate clearly whether you are unmarried, married one to five years, or married more than five years by checking the proper space on the coupon below; tear out coupon and attach it to your entry.

6. Winners will be announced in the November, 1950 issue of RADIO MIRROR Magazine. In that issue, pictures of the three major prize-winners, with their prizes, will appear. Winners will be notified by telegram on approximately July 10. Prizes will be sent to winners shortly after that date so that winners may be photographed with their prizes during the first week of August.

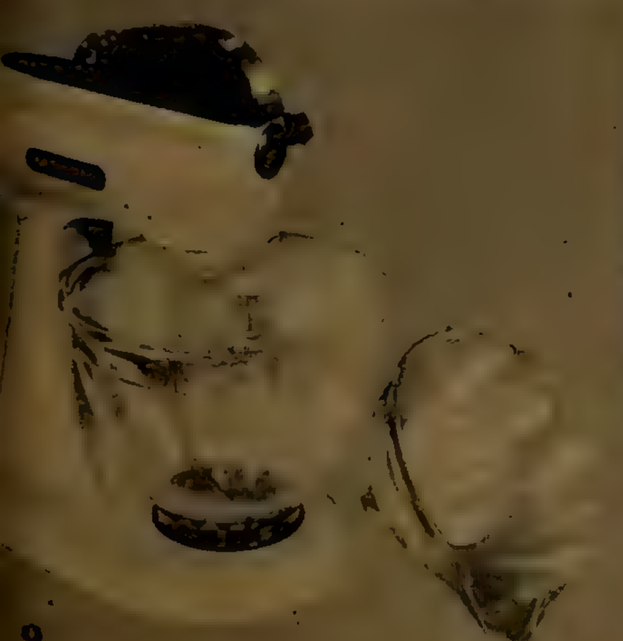
7. Submission of a set of rules to this contest signifies that the writer of the rules is willing to be photographed with prizes, and to have that photograph appear in RADIO MIRROR Magazine, should she win.

NAME _____

STREET OR BOX _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

UNMARRIED..... MARRIED 1 TO 5 YEARS..... MARRIED 5 YEARS OR MORE.....



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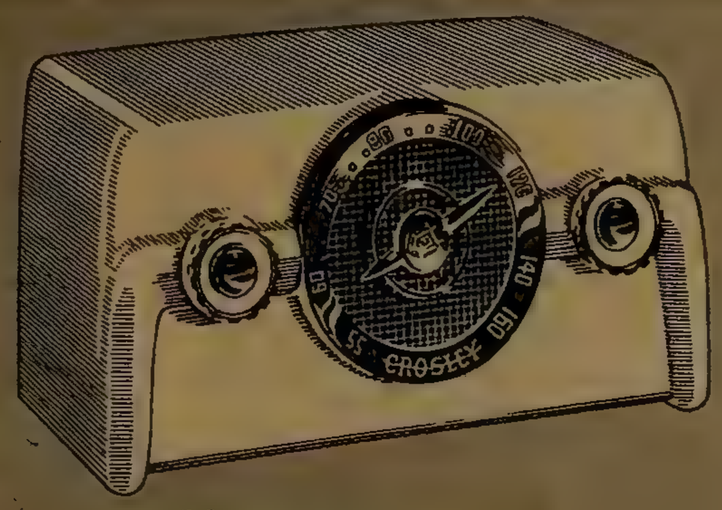

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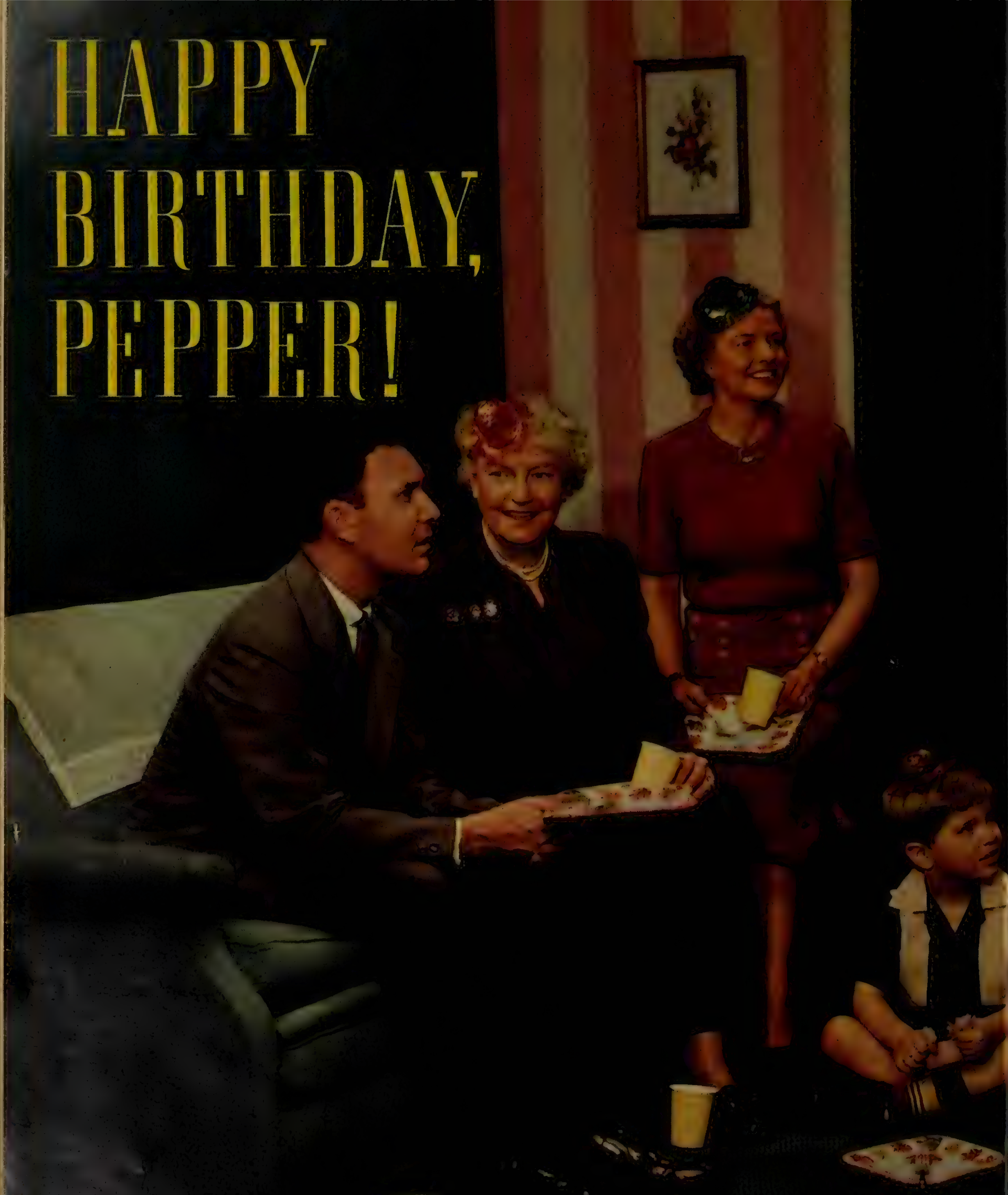
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PEPPER!



Pepper Young celebrates at home—the place he loves be

with the people he loves most

Like most American men, Pepper Young is still a boy at heart, particularly when it comes to birthdays. And though he'd be the first one to deny it, Pepper is as eager to find out what his folks have planned as he was during his days in knee-pants.

This year, in the Youngs' comfortable Elmwood home, the celebration gets under way as Hattie, the housekeeper, enters the living room with a cake which she baked especially for Pepper. Waiting for a slice, left to right, are Pepper, Mother Young, Pepper's wife Linda, little Hal Trent, his mother Peggy Young Trent, Dad Young and Hattie. Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are Mason Adams as Pepper; Marion Barney as Mrs. Young; Eunice Howard as Linda; Betty Wragge as Peggy; Thomas Chalmers as Dad; and Greta Kvalden as Hattie. Pepper Young's Family is heard Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor—Camay Soap.

THEY CHOSE ME

Queen of

By MRS. SALLIE BAKER

A crown for Sallie Baker,
one of the few who understands
the true—and beautiful—
meaning of "love thy neighbor"

Sallie Baker, Queen of America!

"Queen Sallie," for short.

Everybody calls me that now, and I just can't get used to it. Me, a queen—and officially, too!

Three months ago, I was just Sallie Baker, of Pikesville, Kentucky, much too busy in my three-way job as wife, mother and nurse to think of myself as anybody unusual at all.

Two months ago, I was one of five hundred American club women selected from thousands of contestants in Jack Bailey's "Queen of America" contest being conducted by the Mutual network, and feeling all aglow because my good friends in the Women's Society of Christian Service in Pikesville thought enough of me to submit my name and my story to the judges.

On January 5, I was one of five finalists, on my way to Hollywood!

And twenty-four hours later, after thirty

Sallie won her crown on Queen For A Day, heard M-F at 2:30 P. M., EDT, over Mutual stations. Jack Bailey emcees the show. Sponsor—Alka-Seltzer.

On her triumphal return home, Sall
of her old students—turned out t

America

breath-taking minutes on a coast-to-coast Mutual network I was Queen of America! A jury of leading club women had named me among three to vie for the grand title, and the audience—also made up of club women—indicated by their applause that they wanted me to wear the royal crimson robes and the jeweled crown of this first symbol of American women's contribution to a better world.

I can be forgiven, I think, for wondering sometimes if I didn't dream it all, every wonderful moment of it, from the very beginning.

Imagine Sallie Baker—who worked in the cotton fields and the watermelon patches as a girl to scrape together enough money for nurse's training—touring Hollywood, meeting movie stars, then coming home to bands and banners, to "Sallie Baker Day" in Pikesville.

Think of it! Sallie Baker—who never finished high school—preparing (*Continued on page* 81)

Noonday meal for the Bakers is shared with a neighbor whose chance to go to school was made possible by Sallie's generosity.

In the operating room, Nurse Sallie administers an anesthetic with the deep, compassionate care for which she is loved.

i at Betsy Lane, Ky., where citizens—including some ner. Sallie's benevolent deeds are well-known in the area.

The life of a queen is not all skittles and champagne. Sallie digs into housework, despite heavy outside schedule.

Nona

Nona, a stenographer in the office of Ward Trevor, has never before experienced the kind of attention showered on her by Vernon Dutell, producer at Palladium Films. Vernon is in love with Nona and she—though she won't admit it—finds him very attractive,

from Nowhere

Breakfast, which Nona prepares, starts the day for the Bradys—Nona and her kindly foster father, Pat—in their pretty cottage just outside of Hollywood.

A most unusual couple you might think at first sight, Nona Brady and Vernon Dutell.

Nona Brady, living with her foster father, Pat Brady, in a cheerful, simple little cottage, working as a stenographer in a law office—Nona From Nowhere. And Vernon Dutell, handsome, prosperous, an important executive in an important company. A most unusual couple? Since when has love paid any attention to externals—to money, to position, to circumstances? Nona and Vernon met, were attracted to each other. This is how it all came about:

The cottage where Nona kept house for the man who had reared her, cared for her since she was a child, was on the outskirts of Hollywood. Its location made it easy for Pat to drop in at the fabulous office of Vernon Dutell, top producer at Palladium Films, to renew their friendship of twenty years ago. Vernon was overjoyed to see his old friend, but he was astounded when Pat reminded him of a promise made when Pat had saved Vernon's life, long ago. He had come, Pat said, to ask Vernon to fulfill the promise—by asking Nona to marry him!

It was twenty years ago that Pat Brady and Vernon Dutell last met. Then Pat broke the long silence, called on Vernon at his office to ask Vernon to keep a promise that he had once made.

→

NONA FROM NOWHERE

At the time Pat renewed friendship with Dutell, Nona was a stenographer for a lawyer, Ward Trevor.

Nona and Vernon met. Nona soon found that Thelma

CAST

Nona From Nowhere was conceived and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; it is heard M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, over CBS, sponsored by Bab-O and Glim.

In these pictures, in the roles they play on the air, are:

Nona ..... Toni Darnay
Pat Brady ..... James Kelly
Vernon Dutell ..... Karl Weber
Thelma Powell ..... Mitzi Gould
Gwen Parker ..... Florence Robinson

In spite of Vernon's reminder that modern women like to make up their own minds, Pat insisted that Nona would do as he asked her, and at last Vernon suggested that Pat bring Nona to Palladium to meet him.

Nona, until then a stenographer in the Hollywood law offices of Ward Trevor, suddenly found herself transported to the exciting, luxurious atmosphere of movie studios. Vernon was as enchanted with her as she was with the new environment. It was not long before he arranged a screen test for Nona.

Vernon coached Nona for the test, found excuses to see her often. His attentions, in fact, were so obvious they aroused the anger of Thelma Powell, a star at Palladium. Thelma sensed a rival in Nona—not only as a future star, but for the love of Vernon Dutell.

Nona, who wouldn't admit that she was falling in love with Vernon, was astounded when she learned of Pat's request that Vernon marry her, and determined that she would have no part of the well-intentioned but preposterous plan. She concentrated on the coming screen test, fearing that she would fail

Powell, Palladium star, resented her interest in Vernon.

At Vernon's insistence, Nona had a screen test, knowing that the results might change her entire future.

unaware that Thelma intended to make sure of it!

Nona's test was successful. Immediately, Emery Monaco of Palladium, a married man, developed an interest in Nona's career—and Nona. He invited Nona to a party and she accepted, although Pat made his feelings about Monaco very clear. Vernon, too, was disturbed that Nona had accepted the invitation. But Thelma was on hand to urge Nona to go to the party, and she went—to discover the "party" consisted only of herself and Monaco, who had thought up this ruse to be alone with her.

They were at Monaco's hunting lodge where, shortly after their arrival, Pat Brady appeared to confront the scheming Monaco. Hot words led to a struggle during which the lights went out. When the lights came on again, Monaco lay dead on the floor.

Now Nona faces a terrifying situation. Pat is held by the police. Although both Vernon Dutell and Ward Trevor have come to his defense, the case seems hopeless in the face of the evidence. Nona, who had begun a picture at Palladium, now plans to leave in order to prevent disgrace of a murder trial from affecting Palladium and—more important—Vernon.

Nona found a friend at Palladium in Gwen Parker, secretary to Vernon, who quickly took Nona under her wing.

Gracie with the real reason for her decision about comedians—husband George Burns.

Comedians

by GRACIE ALLEN

Gracie's convinced that at least one of them is nothing less than perfect. His name? George Burns, of course!

Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa.

Edgar Bergen, wife Frances.

Fibber McGee and Molly.

are the BEST HUSBANDS

I won't set myself up as an authority on all husbands because if I were married to that many I would be a bigamist. (I believe in monopoly, so I have only one husband.) But I am an authority on that one husband and George will be the second to admit it.

Since George is a comedian, I take it for granted that all comedians make wonderful husbands. And there's evidence to back me up. Of course, I'm not saying that just because a comedian can keep his wife in stitches. Her dressmaker can do that. No, there are more important things . . .

One night at a party I was talking with a girl who had just come back from a long trip with her husband. I suggested that she must have had a perfectly wonderful time and she said, "My husband and I are well-suited. We appreciate each other and we have good times together, but our marriage isn't at all like yours. He isn't a comedian so we seldom have jokes or laugh over one another's witticisms. You and George would probably consider us very dull."

I tried to explain that our married life is not just a three-ring circus with Groucho Marx as an encore. I said, "Being married to a comedian like George isn't funny at all . . . it's nothing to laugh at." But she laughed like mad.

As a matter of fact, even working for George isn't funny. You should see the sad, miserable faces when George and his writers are working on a comedy script. When one of them suggests a joke or funny line, you'd swear he was saying, "Boys, Joe was no friend of ours, but now that he's dead it's up to us to bury him and support his wife and kids." The only way you can tell they're talking about a joke is when they shake their (*Continued on page* 84)

Jack Benny and Mary Livingston.

Burns and Allen are heard Wed., 10:00 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Ammident Toothpaste.

Phil Harris and Alice Faye.

Bob Hope and wife Dolores.

I ENJOY Grand Slam

Grand Slam studio audiences always have the time of their lives. Though most of them come from the New York area, some of the guests are from other parts of the country—Grand Slam listeners who have made it a point to attend the broadcast in CBS's Studio 22 during their stay in New York. Here in the pre-show warm-up, Irene guides the selection of participants.

BECAUSE —

By IRENE BEASLEY

Grand Slam, with Irene Beasley as mistress of ceremonies, is heard Mon.-Fri., 11:30 A.M. EDT on CBS stations. Sponsored by Hostess Cakes and Wonder Bread.

"I enjoy Grand Slam because—" it's easy to start that sentence, but hard to end it. Not that I can't find any reasons, but that so many of them come crowding into my mind it's hard to choose among them. So many and such varied reasons, like:

Because I see neighbors across the broad stretch of our nation-wide living-room each morning, tuning their radios to CBS to join the fun. And in Studio 22, the neighbors who've come to pay us a personal call, sitting there in the comfortable blue chairs, waiting for the games to start.

I enjoy it because Grand Slam *is* a game, and that you who listen think of it as one has been proved to me over and over again. Shortly after our first broadcast, we received a request for permission to use the Grand Slam game at a local school gathering. Then came letters telling of local Grand Slam clubs that were springing up all over the country. We received requests from charitable organizations who wanted to stage local games for the purpose of raising funds. And on my first visit to my sister's home after the premiere of the program, my small nephews kept me busy posing questions based on their studies, and scoring their answers in *points* instead of prizes—another way the Grand Slam game can be played.

I've been invited to present Grand Slam games at countless social gatherings, adapting the subjects and the nature of the questions to the situation at hand and the personalities involved. That's another nice thing about this game of ours—it is so adaptable, so usable in practically any circumstances where people are gathered to have a good time. Many of our neighbors have written that they get together in someone's home for our broadcast, play the game among themselves as we ask questions on the show. Low score, they tell me, has to fix lunch for the crowd. Others have to help with the dishes, while any "winner" of a Grand Slam—all the answers correct—gets to sit luxuriously by and enjoy herself, with no work to do, as her prize!

And I enjoy the preparation and planning we do in an effort to make the game a service to our listeners. There's the prize table, for instance—with the prizes we have deliberately, carefully (*Continued on page* 80)

HERE ARE IRENE BEASLEY'S TIPS

To Bear In Mind When Making Up Your Questions for Radio

GRAND SLAM

1. Let originality be your watchword. If you are going to send questions based on a subject familiar to all—then try to pick a phase of that subject others will likely overlook. Try to make your questions ask something "different" about that subject, or give the contestant something "different" to do in order to answer your questions.

2. Do *not* send questions in which pure chance determines who wins prizes. These require no skill for the answers, and would be classed as lottery.

3. Do *not* send questions which merely challenge the contestant to:

Name the 5 flowers in these 5 songs.
Name the 5 birds in these 5 songs.
Name the 5 rivers in these 5 songs.
Name the 5 seasons in these 5 songs.
Name the 5 states in these 5 songs.
Name the 5 girls in these 5 songs.
Name these 5 songs beginning with the letters of "I-R-E-N-E."

Etc.

Such questions based on obvious subjects are highly duplicated by thousands of people and cannot be considered as "original" thinking.

4. In the "name-five" department we have presented such "off the beaten track" subjects as "name 5 parts of a shoe from these 5 songs" . . . "Name 5 things a dog thinks he is when he looks at himself in the mirror" . . . (*Continued on page* 80)

MAIL ORDER

By
John Shuttleworth

Narrator
TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

True Detective Mysteries, with John Shuttleworth, is broadcast Sun., 5:30 P.M. EDT, MBS. Mr. Shuttleworth's experiences as narrator on this program, as well as his editorship of *True Detective* Magazine, have made him acquainted with the crimes that have resulted from mail order marriages. (True Detective Mysteries is sponsored by Oh Henry! candy bars.)

Lonesome? Join one of the most active correspondence clubs in the country; several thousand members everywhere. (Free particulars.)

A lonely woman, Mrs. Catharine Clark, read this ad. Divorced from her husband five years, she lived a useful, active life in Boston where she ran a small rug repair business. But she was only thirty-five, young enough to need love and want a husband. And it was the spring of the year.

Mrs. Clark joined the correspondence club and inserted her own announcement in the club's paper:

I am well thought of, have many friends but wish to make new acquaintances. I am 35, 5′ 5″, 165, light brown hair, blue eyes, high school education, excellent character, am broad-minded in regard to religious views, American nationality. Have $2,000 and will inherit $3,000.

Men wrote her from every part of the country but she was particularly impressed by a letter from James Murphy, of Spokane, Washington. He described himself not only as being young and healthy but also heir to $100,000. Mrs. Clark answered him almost immediately.

By fall, their letters lost all formality and were filled with loving phrases. Jim wanted to marry Catharine and suggested she sell her business and draw her savings out of the bank. She did and left Boston in September.

She arrived in Spokane with her life savings sewn into the lining of her purse and was met by a man who introduced himself as Archie Moock.

"Jim's out of town, sick," Archie explained. "But I'll put you up at my house till I can drive you out."

Archie's wife and five children greeted the hopeful bride and made her comfortable. They didn't know Jim Murphy but had heard Archie speak of him.

That Saturday night, Archie borrowed a car to take Catharine to her betrothed. He returned the next morning without her but Mrs. Clark hadn't met her love. Police found her lying dead twenty miles outside the city, her body hacked and battered, her money torn from the lining of the purse.

Archie appeared to do his best to help the police find the murderer, Jim Murphy, but officers discovered

Every year thousands of women fall victim to one of the country's

MARRIAGE

iggest rackets

hat Jim Murphy and Archie Moock were one and the same person. Moock had lured the young woman across the continent with the promise of marriage to murder her for her savings. Moock was convicted and executed.

The tragic story of Catharine Clark is not an isolated case of swindlers who believe the easiest way to a woman's purse strings is through her heart. Each year in this country thousands of women's bank accounts and hearts are broken by marriage racketeers. No one knows the exact number of victims, for many of them are too mortified to notify the police.

As commentator on True Detective Mysteries radio program and editor of *True Detective* Magazine, I've helped expose many such schemes. It is our aim to forewarn the public of such vicious deceits by presenting true and fair accounts of actual crimes such as the marriage swindlers perpetrate. Preying on young and old women, the criminal lover will not stop at seduction, bigamy or even murder.

Correspondence and friendship clubs conducted by mail are not dishonest as a (*Continued on page* 97)

THE *Whitings*

Spur of the moment idea sends the girls to the phone. Original plan was to invite only six guests—but they called sixteen!

If you can imagine combining the best elements of a high school reunion with a fire sale and a country carnival, you'll get a general idea of the kind of fun and excitement that fills the air when Maggie Whiting gives a party.

Having just moved into her own enchanting grey and white house, Maggie decided to invite a few intimate friends over for a quiet fireside supper one night a short while ago. This time she was going to have a different type of party, she told herself. Definitely not more than four people. Having made that decision, Maggie reached for the phone and asked her sister Barbara to come over for a conference.

When dark-haired Barbara bounced into Maggie's bedroom she snitched a piece of toast off her sister's breakfast (*Continued on page* 100)

Early arrivals John Garfield, Peggy Wachsman and Bill Eythe found the girls pretty and poised in party clothes. Hectic day behind them doesn't show.

"Mule Train!" Jack Smith and John Garfield roar out the lyrics. That's Buddy Pepper at the piano. The party didn't break up until close to dawn.

Quieter diversion was this canasta game in the playroom. Jack Smith kibitzes as Margaret and Jeff Chandler, Lon McCallister and Nancy Guild concentrate.

Margaret Whiting sings on the Jack Smith Show, heard M., W., F. 7:15 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Oxydol.

ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

By
VIOLA MOORE

Two sisters find that friends plus food minus formality can equal a lot of fun

Hostess Margaret had to leave her party to attend the Great Lover Ball with Bob Hope but when she returned an hour later, she found guests amused and relaxed. Left to right are Lon McCallister, Jeff Chandler, John Garfield, Jack Smith, Tony Curtis, Barbara, Nancy Guild, Bill Eythe, Buddy Pepper, Peggy Wachsman and Katharine West. Bill Eythe had driven a hundred miles to attend.

Maggie recommends this as good warm-up stunt. Two teams with toothpicks in their mouths try to pass life-saver from mouth to mouth without using their hands.

Barbara Whiting is heard on Junior Miss, Sat. 11:30 A.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Rayve Home Permanent Wave.

Guests ate creamed chicken on brown rice, green salad, hot rolls and chocolate cake. The hand-crocheted lace tablecloth was borrowed from Mrs. Whiting.

SO PRETTY *and so Good!*

June brings with it a lot of good things and happy occasions—warm weather, vacations, strawberries and Father's Day. Our "best beau" is pampered by us on his day. The children and I pitch in to give him everything he likes best. For instance, he likes strawberries, home-made ice cream and cake. We put them all together for him and come up with a Heavenly Angel Food Cake. The children do their share by sifting the flour for the cake. They wash and hull the strawberries and give the ice cream freezer a few turns, too.

We all love strawberries. They are good as is or with cream and sugar. But there are many ways in which they can be glamorized and with very little effort. Old-Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake, the melt in your mouth variety, is one of our favorites. We go all out and lavish whipped cream on this.

HEAVENLY ANGEL FOOD CAKE

Makes 1—9" cake

Sift then measure:
1 cup cake flour

Sift three times with:
¼ cup sugar

Beat with a rotary egg beater until foamy:
1 cup egg whites (8-10)

Add:
¼ teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon cream of tartar

Beat until stiff.

Add gradually, beating well after each addition:
1 cup sugar

Fold in:
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sprinkle sifted flour mixture over beaten egg whites a few tablespoons at a time. Fold in well but gently. Pour batter into an ungreased 9" tube pan. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 40-50 minutes. Invert pan. Allow to cool in pan for 1 hour.

Whip until thick:
1 cup heavy cream 1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Pile lightly on top of Angel Food cake. Fill center with ice cream. Top with strawberries which have been washed and hulled and slightly sweetened.

RUM STRAWBERRY TORTE

Makes 6 servings

Sift then measure:
1 cup flour 1 cup flour

Sift again with:
¼ teaspoon salt

Press through sieve:
3 egg yolks, hard cooked

Work with a spoon until soft:
⅓ cup shortening

Add gradually:
¼ cup sugar

Beat together until light and fluffy.
Add: ¼ teaspoon lemon extract

Add hard cooked egg yolks, beat until well blended. Stir in sifted dry ingredients alternately with:
1½ teaspoons cream

Chill at least one hour. Roll out ¼" thick on a lightly floured board. Carefully place over inverted 8" layer cake pan which has been lightly greased. Fit to pan with gentle pressing, as in making a tart shell. Place on a cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Let stand 5 minutes. Carefully lift off pan. Place on a cake rack. Cool thoroughly. (*Continued on page* 83)

By
NANCY CRAIG

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

The variable strawberry—in an angel food cake, in a rum torte, or taken plain—lends itself to goodness.

ART LINKLETTER'S NONSENSE AND

JUNE—the month that what is so rare as a day in, bringing roses and all manner of other flowers to pretty up the outdoors, and June bugs and all manner of other insects to dim the beauties . . . although it may have arrived ahead of time, or not yet made a call in your neighborhood, June is the month in which Summer officially makes its bow, on the 21st . . . the Old Farmer's Almanac predicts hot weather and rain in balanced proportions . . . now's the time, too, when the birds are industriously raising families: Orioles and barn swallows and other practical-minded ones will have their young safely housed in well-constructed, roomy nests; but those fools, the robins, as they always do, will have built their nests too small, and on the ground will be found half-feathered little rascals who've been pushed out of a home too small to accommodate them. Well-meaning women will be gathering up the lost little ones, feeding them sugar and water and mashed hard-boiled egg yolk and trying valiantly to sound like mother birds, and sending their long-suffering husbands out to dig worms and hunt grubs. Don't do it, the Audubon Society warns—no matter how tender your heart or light your touch, only a mother robin can raise a baby robin!

* * *

IF SERMONS BORE YOU:

Stay home. Don't sleep through church service in Deadville, Alabama—there's a law against it!

* * *

LORD BYRON SAID IT:

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and the Bored.

* * *

YOUR HOME STATE—

CALIFORNIA—*Capital:* Sacramento. . . . *Admitted to the Union:* 1850; 31st state to be admitted. . . . *Population, Men vs. Women:* 3,515,730 men; 3,391,657 women. . . . *To Marry:* With parental consent, men must be 18, women 16; without consent, men 21, women 18. . . . blood test required, no waiting period. . . . *Origin of the Name:* Named by Spanish Conquistadores for an imaginary island near the earthly paradise. Another theory is that the name sprang from the description of Catalan explorers, "Aixo es calor de forni de fornalla," meaning land of the oven's heat. . . . *State Motto:* Eureka (I found it!). . . . *State Flower:* golden poppy. . . . *State Nickname:* The Golden State. . . .

* * *

VISITOR

My neighbors are a gifted pair—
Their home bespeaks an antique flair
For old world charm in bric-a-brac
With fragile bits of knick and knack.
Uncomfortable, my knees grow weak
Lest I might break some priceless freak.

—Lovina Spaulding Brown

NOTE: Readers are invited to contribute brief original poems, no more than twenty lines, to Nonsense and Some-Sense. Five dollars will be paid for each poem accepted for publication on this page.

A LITTLE LEARNING:

Last Will and Testament: A will or testament is a final disposition of a person's property, to go into effect after his death; a codicil is an addition to, or a change made in, a will. A will, or a codicil, is legal if signed any day, including Sundays and legal holidays . . . A nuncupative, or unwritten, will is one made orally by a soldier on active duty or a sailor while at sea . . . Wills are of two general classes: the first calls for outright distribution of the estate; the second provides for distribution of all or part at a later date . . . It is the duty of an executor to organize and appraise the estate and, to pay all taxes and bills outstanding and other claims against the estate and, if the will so provides, to sell property, etc., and make a final report to the court . . . not over one-half of an estate can be left to charity.

* * *

READER'S OWN VERSE—OR BETTER DEPARTMENT

LINES TO A HUSBAND

I planned to grow more beautiful each year,
A special glamor girl, all heart-of-gold,
Sustaining you with wisdom, comfort, cheer—
A woman you would want to have and hold.
Yet here I am . . . with curlers on my head,
Remembering the quarrelsome words I speak,
The undarned socks, the overtoasted bread,
The way I cried so childishly last week.
Oh, dearest, how I wish that you could see
The lovely wife I really mean to be!

—Lydell Sterns

* * *

LITTLE LEXICON:

Adding a new word to your vocabulary never hurts a bit. Let's start with *Lexicon:* a dictionary, a list of words . . . *Fractious:* what the children sometimes are on a rainy day—peevish, cross, apt to break out in a tantrum . . . *Antediluvian:* what the younger generation thinks Mom's and Pop's ideas are—actually means "before the Flood" which floated Noah's Ark; very old-fashioned or out of date . . . *Termagant:* what you are when (and if) you nag your husband—a quarrelsome scolding woman.

SOME-SENSE

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to a five-year-old boy): What do you want to be when you grow up?

Boy: President of the United States.

Linkletter: Why?

Boy: Because my grandfather said I should be. He said my brother should be ex-president.

Linkletter: Well, that's fine—picking out future presidents and past presidents. Who has been president longer than anyone?

Boy: Franklin Truman.

* * *

FUN AND GAMES—Here's a sure way of making everybody feel gay, of putting a fast hex on sit-in-the-corners at your next party. Gather all the guests in one room, and stage an on-the-spot oratorical contest dealing with one of our national pastimes—talking authoritatively about things of which we know nothing. Everyone present may take part, or if you prefer, you may limit participation to a few so that non-combatants are free to sit in judgment and name a winner. The less sense a speaker makes—and each speaker must talk for three minutes—the more fun there's apt to be. You may choose your own subjects, but here are some samples to give you an idea of the general approach: (A) The science of using stale donuts for spare times. (B) How to get clearer television reception without removing the drawn Venetian blinds from your neighbor's living room. (C) Fifteen decorative uses for burned-out light blubs.

* * *

FILE AND FORGET—

Don't say you're lonely! The world's population, in 1948, totaled some 2,231,716,000 souls. It's up to all of these to live in peace, if they can, in 51,230,217 square miles—the world's total area. Asia's population is roughly 1,237,320,000 denizens, let out to pasture in a total of 16,795,000 square miles. Europe struggles along with a mere 524,175,000 inhabitants who elbow one another in an area of 3,842,000 square miles. North America numbers 198,542,000 men, women and children, who get along —and pretty handsomely, too, by and large—in a fairly roomy 8,644,860 square miles.

* * *

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to little girl): What do *you* want to be when you grow up?

Girl: An operator.

Linkletter: That's nice. What are you going to operate on?

Girl: Telephones.

* * *

IF YOU'RE A NATURAL-BORN (HUMAN) WOLF—

Don't try to sit, in Connecticut, next to a person of the opposite sex with less than eight inches separating you—there's a law against it!

Art Linkletter, here with young participant, emcees House Party, M.-F., 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Pillsbury.

OVERHEARD ON HOUSE PARTY: Art asked a group of six-to-seven year olds what they didn't want that adults have when they grew up. *Boy:* beard and mustache. *Girl:* wrinkles. *Boy:* bald head—it's so cold. *Girl:* want to keep my teeth—I like meat.

* * *

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAID IT:

"Everyone is as God made him, and often a great deal worse."

* * *

IN THE YEAR—

1450 B.C.: Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt . . . *55 B.C.:* Julius Caesar, after conquering Gaul, entered Britain . . . *800 A.D.:* Charlemagne, king of the Franks, was proclaimed emperor by Pope Leo III in St. Peter's; Charlemagne fought the Saxons, Lombards and Saracens for thirty years to Christianize them, and extended his empire from the Atlantic to the eastern boundaries of Hungary . . . *1456:* Johann Gutenberg printed the first Bible from movable type at Mainz, in Germany; the following year, with two associates, Gutenberg produced the first color printing . . . *1564:* William Shakespeare was born . . . *1725:* Captain Vitus Bering, a Dane in the employ of Peter the Great, discovered Alaska . . . *1784:* the first successful daily newspaper in the United States, the "Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser," appeared in Philadelphia . . . *1837:* Victoria, eighteen-year-old niece of William IV, became Queen of England; two years later she married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.

Come and Visit the BILL CULLENS

"Carol's Other Living Room" (a la John's Other Wife) is decorated strictly according to her own tastes. The lovely mirror was rescued from discard in her mother's attic. Below: the Cullens like to dine by candlelight; wall sconce is a converted door knocker.

The bedroom, too, was Carol's to decorate, under the Cullen division-of-labor scheme. They had the bedside tables made from two pieces of marble they found, plus plaster supports cast to order. ("Don't do it," warns Bill. "Costs too much!")

Bill Cullen, of the Quick as a Flash, Give and Take, and This Is Nora Drake radio shows, finally accomplished the impossible. He found a home for himself and Carol.

"It was easy," Bill said. "Easy like moving the Rocky Mountains into Rhode Island."

They had repeatedly postponed their marriage for two reasons: first, Bill had hoped to get at least a ten-day vacation so they could have a honeymoon; second, they needed a place to live. Last July, love conquered all. They settled for a week-end honeymoon in New England and a temporary home in a Manhattan hotel suite. But like every other young couple in search of a roof, they desperately pestered renting agents, wore out shoe leather following newspaper ads, and smiled fetchingly at doormen.

"We had to dismiss any idea of getting a house in the country, which would be the ideal set-up," Bill explains. "Working six days a week on eleven different programs means that if we lived outside the city I'd spend all of my time commuting and get home only in time to sleep."

In Manhattan, where there seem to be several

By

MARTIN

COHEN

It takes more than living in a house to make it home—it takes a heap of planning and good hard work, as well!

The living room was Bill's decorating project. It's his handiwork exclusively—the soft-green, clear-red colors, the Chinese modern motif, the wonderful balance of beauty and comfort. Don't think he's not proud of the results!

The opposite end of the living room (above) is dominated by the fireplace, and that's the corner where guests gather, for there is nothing so cheery as an open fire. It's there, too, that the cooking for informal parties is done—wiener roasts, steak fries.

Come and Visit the BILL CULLENS

thousand applicants for every vacancy, the Cullens continued to search for an apartment that would be readily accessible to the broadcasting studios. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"As a matter of fact," Bill says, "we couldn't even find a decent five-room haystack."

But Santa Claus was good to them in December. A radio associate of Bill's called to say he was vacating an apartment.

"I can get it for you," the friend said, "but, of course, we have some furniture we don't want to take with us—"

"Of course," Bill answered. "We'll take a look."

The apartment exactly suited their needs. In the East Fifties, it would put Bill approximately three stone-throws from the studios. The building was about fifty yards from a bluff overlooking the East River.

They had to buy a lot of furniture they didn't want, but Bill and Carol decided that since another opportunity like this wouldn't come along in a blue moon, they'd better take it. The apartment was to be available on December 16th, ten days before Christmas and the same thought crossed both their minds: It would be great to have the home set up for Christmas Eve. Bill, whose hobbies run into three figures, pulled out an artist's sketch pad and began to draw up their plans.

This was what he had to work with: a large living room with a real fireplace, two moderate-sized bedrooms, a small dining room off the kitchen, and two bathrooms. They already owned a large console, containing a radio, phonograph and television receiver, a fourteen-foot sofa in green, and a banquette covered with leopard skin.

"Now let's see," Bill said innocently. "We'll furnish throughout in Chinese modern."

"Oh, no," said Carol. "In French Provincial."

They began negotiations immediately and as Bill puts it, "I was willing to give into Carol so long as I had my way and vice-versa."

Bill had one advantage that he pressed immediately: the sofa and banquette had been chosen to complement the huge console which they wouldn't think of giving up. The console was in sleek black with a Chinese motif painted on the front.

"All right," Carol agreed, "the living room can be Chinese modern—but what do I get in return?"

They finally decided that Bill, in addition, would have the dining room to decorate. For Carol there would be the bedrooms, one to be made into a den.

"There's still something fishy about this," Carol observed.

"What?"

"Who ever heard of a den being furnished for a woman?" she asked.

Bill put down his sketch pad, ready to begin negotiations again.

"You've heard of John's Other Wife," Carol said. "We'll call the den Carol's Other Living Room, furnished to *my* tastes."

And so it was decided. The main living room, as they found it, was painted in dark tones, and even the fireplace stone was black. There were four big windows on the broad side of the room, flanked with built-in book cases. On the adjoining wall was the fireplace with a recess to one side, next to the windows, and on the other side a doorway leading in from the hall. Opposite was another door, leading to the bedroom and "Carol's Other Living Room."

"As I see it, the furniture should be grouped so that anyone can focus on the television," Bill said, turning back to his sketch pad.

"How about the fireplace for weiner roasts and nice cosy fires on winter nights?"

"We can put the television set in the fireplace then," Bill said. "When the programs get too bad, we merely put a match to it."

"Let's be serious for a change," Carol commanded.

This is what they did: The TV console was placed against the wall between the doorways, with an occasional chair on either side. This left plenty of room to use the doorways. Opposite the console, in front of the windows, were placed two love seats, separated by a table. In a neutral position, between the fireplace and console, they set the banquette. Against the remaining wall they placed the sofa where guests could stare either into the fireplace or watch TV by turning their heads slightly.

"We have only North light, no direct sunlight," Carol noted. "That means the walls should be fairly light."

They decided on the green of the sofa. So three walls became green. The ceiling, fireplace, and one wall behind the sofa they finished in eggshell white.

"The advantage of having the ceiling and one wall white against the green," Bill explains, "is that it makes the ceiling appear to be about a foot higher."

Bill, who has always decorated his own rooms, decided that he would use bold colors to achieve a dramatic effect. He chose Cinnabar red as his accent color from a Chinese Sinibar statue, a wedding gift from the John Reed Kings. He had the leopard-skin banquette recovered in Sinibar red, then repeated the color in the red leather panelling of the bar that was placed in the recess near the fireplace and in the four Chinese prints that hang above the sofa.

Naturally, when your motif is Chinese you have a lot of black. This is visible everywhere—in the slender legs of chairs, the console, picture frames and particularly the section in front of the windows.

"This seems to be an eye-catcher," Bill said, pointing to the love seats.

The two love seats, along with their distinctive table and lamp are a near-perfect achievement in the Chinese motif. The one-armed chairs are covered in black velvet with delicate gold flower designs on the seats. Between them is a small, gleaming black table with curved extensions that shoot out from the base. This table Bill designed himself, and had it made to order. On the table is a huge lamp with a slick black base and a shade of spun glass. Beside it is a big marble ash tray flecked with golden-yellow tones.

"We used a lot of gold in the room," Bill said, "because we felt Chinese was too formal used alone."

The tall, slender chairs that stand on either side of the console are covered in yellow-gold leather. Directly across the room, the broad expanse of drapes is in a flaming gold. That was (*Continued on page* 96)

Bill Cullen emcees Quick As A Flash, heard M.-F., 11:30 A.M. EDT, ABC, sponsored by Quaker Oats. He's also heard on Give and Take. Sat., 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS and on This is Nora Drake, M.-F., 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS; both shows are sponsored by the Toni Co.

Terry's guests, Amelia and Norman Lobsenz, showed how wasted time can be converted into happy, useful hours.

Spare TIME ON YOUR HANDS

How many times have you said: "One of these days I'm going to . . ." but somehow the day never comes and you never do.

Recently Norman and Amelia Lobsenz, free lance magazine writers, visited us as Family Counselors and told us how to turn wasted time into creative and enjoyable hours. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lobsenz are experts on utilizing time. Besides Norman's extensive free lance writing, he holds down the job of department editor for *Quick* Magazine, and Amelia has just finished authoring an adventure book for teen-agers entitled, *Kay Everett Calls CQ*.

The first thing Norman and Amelia brought out was that none of us realizes the amount of time that he wastes each week. The Lobsenzes made an extensive time survey, by asking people to fill out time charts. They said that the ones who filled out the charts were shocked at where their time went. The combined overall averages of these persons' charts showed they put in more time in one week worrying and waiting for people or services than they did enjoying hobbies, sports and other pleasures put together.

"One way to correct this situation and to live more efficiently," Amelia said, "is to first rate yourself for at least a week on a chart. Record under each category of activity the total amount of time spent each day on that activity.

"For instance, if you eat breakfast in 20 minutes, lunch in 45, and take an hour for dinner that makes a total of 2 hours and 5 minutes. By the end of the week, you have a clear cut picture of what happens to your weekly 168 hours."

"Then," Norman told us, "you go into action from there. First develop efficient habit patterns. You can save time and energy by confirming appointments in advance, (*Continued on page* 97)

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard M.-F., 2 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor—General Foods

RADIO MIRROR TELE

VISION SECTION

Video's erudite emcee spends almost as much time in *your* parlor as he does in his own. Here's his story, told by the woman who knows him best

Marion's schedule, in its own way, is almost as busy as Bill's. She does research for Twenty Questions, helps with mail, makes sure her husband keeps fit.

"Dear Mrs. Slater," said the letter, written in a large flourishing hand, "My children and I enjoy listening to your husband very much on the radio, but it seems that he's on all the time and my friends with the television set says he's always on television, too. My husband's a night watchman and I don't see too much of him, but I really wonder—when do you see Bill?"

Now that's a letter that deserves an answer. It's not the first time people have expressed sympathy for me as the wife of a busy, network-trotting television and radio star with over thirteen broadcasts and telecasts a week. But there's more to the picture than that. Look closely and you'll see, right alongside Bill—a little out of breath, but always there—one Marion Slater. Me.

I met Bill very casually, very conventionally. A mutual acquaintance introduced us. From the first, I knew he was attractive and sought after. The same charm that adds warmth and sincerity to his radio personality now was outstanding then. I realized very soon that, unlike some people in the theatrical and radio worlds, there were no two Bill Slaters. You've heard of the hilarious comedians who are (*Continued on page* 87)

Bill Slater's TV and radio schedule: Twenty Questions, Friday 8 P.M. EDT, WOR-TV; Sat. 8 P.M. EDT, MBS. Sponsored by Ronson. Dinner At Sardi's, Wednesday 7:30 P.M. EDT, WOR-TV; Luncheon At Sardi's, Mon.-Fri., 12:45 P.M. EDT, WOR and Saturday at 1 P.M. EDT, WOR (participating sponsors). Sports For All, Thurs. 8:30 P.M. EDT, MBS, on TV, Fri. 9 P.M. EDT, WABD; both sponsored by Mail Pouch Tobacco Co. Bill is also emcee of County Fair, Sat. 2:00 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Busy Bill!

By MRS. BILL SLATER

"Break for dinner" doesn't mean a complete break. While guests Monica Lewis and Vic Damone have a quick bite at a restaurant around the corner from the studio with producer Marlo Lewis, discussion of tonight's show goes on.

Tension doesn't lessen on the way back from dinner, either. Outside the studio waits a group of Vic Damone's fans, anxious to look at or to get a smile—or perhaps, the lucky ones, an autograph—from their favorite. Inside, rehearsal goes on—right up to curtain time at 8.

TOAST

It looks so easy, so smooth, when you see it on your TV set. It is easy by that time—after hours of painstaking planning and rehearsing!

Ed Sullivan's Sunday night show comes through as one of the smoothest on the channels. This is the kind of preparation that does it, although at 6:00 you're apt to wonder how it will get on at 8:00. It's Ed himself who reassures you. He's quiet, but alert to everything. Guest stars and acts go out to supper, but Ed swigs coffee from a paper cup and munches a sandwich while he plans last-minute improvements with producer Lewis, director Wray, and that butt of the bald-head jokes, conductor Ray Bloch. Ed's poker-face was his trade-mark, but lately he's been caught grinning. They may yet be calling him Smiling Sullivan!

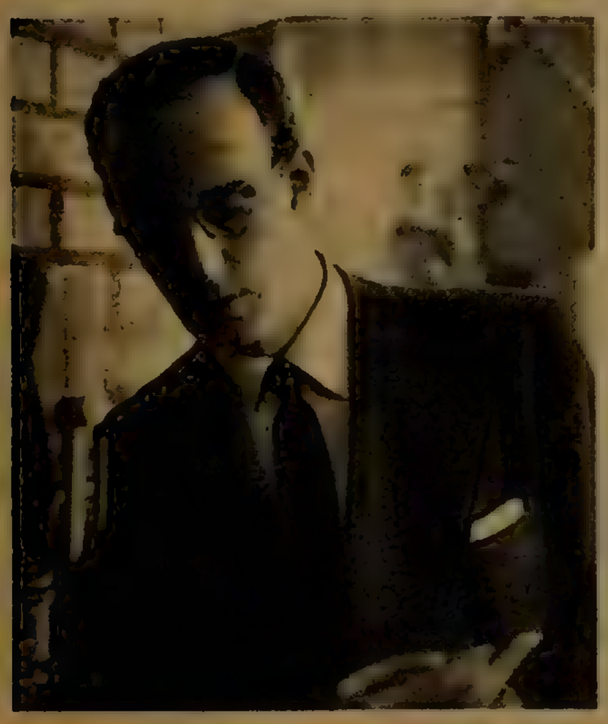
Look at that grin—and some people call Ed Sullivan "poker face!" Toast of The Town is seen at 8 P.M., EDT, Sundays, CBS-TV, sponsored by Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

TV's a lot more complicated than radio, guests Lewis and Ballone decide, including such items as makeup. But not as complicated as her field, the movies, third guest Margaret O'Brien points out. Now it's close to show time—call for "places please" will come very soon.

"Take five" like "Break for dinner" is a welcome phrase. But the rest turns into a conference! Left to right, floor manager Bob Payson, director Jon Wray, Monica and Ed. In the back row: producer Lewis, musical director Ray Bloch.

OF THE TOWN

Viewers see only sponsor-message cards, not hands that turn them.



Careful to keep the speed of his voice synchronized with turning of the cards, Art Hannes—out of sight—delivers his announcement.

Celebrities are introduced to viewers by M.C. Ed Sullivan each Sunday night. In front row: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stroppe (he drove winning Mercury in Grand Canyon Run) and Art Hall who entered the car. Behind and left of Mrs. Stroppe are Ford Theatre director Marc Daniels, Jack Carson. Next row, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, William Chalmers of the sponsor's ad agency.

Paul Tripp invented Mr. I. a long while ago, brought him to full flower on TV, where all the kids can see him.

Imagine

And imagine Suzie, who has "the man with the magic reputation" for her very own Daddy!

By RUTH ENDERS TRIPP

To our daughter Suzanne, who is almost five, Paul is a "magic daddy." On weekdays he's a regular father, but on Sundays he turns into "Mr. I. Magination, the man with the magic reputation," who runs a wonderful train across the television screen and takes children (and grown-ups too) on a half-hour tour of history spiced with music and make-believe.

I've always thought the reason Suzie differentiates so clearly between our roles as her parents and the parts we play on the show is because Paul has taken so much time to explain things to her. He's never believed in "talking down" to children and that approach proved successful in his early work fifteen years ago at Christadora Settlement House on New York's lower East Side. There, too, is where the character Mr. I. first saw the light of day, (*Continued on page* 94)

The Tripps' New York-size kitchen suits Suzie perfectly—it's just right little-girl size as well!

Suzie's own room shows healthy signs of hard use—things meant to be played with, not just looked at.

Mr. I.!

A three-wheeler is important—even if you live in an apartment, you've simply got to have one!

Paul Tripp, who is Mr. I Magination, is heard Sundays at 6:30 P.M., EDT, on CBS-TV network stations.

SATU
NIGHT

Jack Carter starts show from Chicago . . .

. . . with an assist from Don Richards . . .

Nothing to compare with NBC's gala new two-and-a-half

Saturday night is Date Night—for twosomes, whole families and all the neighbors—when NBC's Saturday Night Revue flashes on television at 7 P.M. CDT. There seems to be something for everyone in the fast-paced two-and-a-half hour program. It starts from Chicago, where it's called The Jack Carter Show, and after the first hour it moves to New York where it's titled Your Show of Shows. But it's all one continuous entertainment, no matter how it's labeled.

Regulars on the Chicago portion are Carter himself, a fast-talking comedian and mimic who presides over the goings-on, delivers lightning-quick gags, and jumps into some of the acts for laughs; singer Donald Richards, and Benny Baker, who's in the Chicago company of "Kiss Me, Kate." The rest is guest talent, hand-picked by Carter.

Regulars on the New York portion are all-round comedian Sid Caesar, clowning Imogene Coca, singer Marguerite Piazza, and singer Robert Merrill. Ventri-

. . . and together with Frances Langford, are convulsed with the antics of Smith and Dale, old time vaudevillers.

RIDAY RIEWUIE

hour show has happened in TV since TV happened itself!

loquist Clifford Guest and Lester made one appearance and joined the permanent cast as a result.

Carter, who comes from Brooklyn, got his first demonstrations of the snappy punchline from the barkers at Coney Island. During the war, he toured the Aleutians with the Hollywood Victory Committee, came back to be drafted into the Army, which promptly sent him out to the Aleutians! Three years later he was hardly out of uniform when he put it on again to play the lead in "Call Me Mister." He got his first TV break as emcee on Cavalcade of Stars.

Sid Caesar, the hit of last season's Broadway Revue on TV, started out to be a concert musician, found that playing a sax with name bands was a quicker way to eat regularly. He clowned in the Coast Guard revue, "Tars and Spars," stole the show when it was made into a movie, was a hit in his first Broadway play, "Make Mine Manhattan." A knack for seeing the funny side of everyday situations seems to provide him with endless material for Saturday Night Revues.

Sid Caesar continues show from N. Y.

. . . aided by expressive Imogene Coca.

Sid's comic versatility gets a workout here as he takes on the guise of Christopher Columbus—crew, medals and all.

This is Elizabeth Dennis. Sweet and gentle and adored by all, she has yet to find the private love for which she yearns.

He loved her and wanted her for his own. What was the barrier that kept them apart?

A Secret

The Brighter Day is the story of the Dennis family—the Rev. Richard Dennis and his brood. There are so many Dennis daughters that Poppa Dennis sometimes has trouble himself remembering the right number, but in fact it is five—Marcia, the oldest who lives in Hollywood with her husband; Elizabeth, who takes care of the younger ones; Althea, Patricia and Barbara. Grayling is the only Dennis boy but because he's such a strong character, he doesn't get lost in the shuffle. When Lawyer Sam Winship first met the Dennises, they were themselves fairly new in the little town of Three Rivers. How he met them and what that meeting meant in his lonely life is the story we retell this month.

What does it mean, when you say, "This is my friend?" Friend . . . that's one of the words you use so loosely when you're young. Everyone you know is your friend. "I bumped into a friend downtown and we had lunch together." "Meet my friend so-and-so—we met last week at the Smiths'." Everyone's your friend. But as you grow older you learn to be a little more careful about the thin line between 'friend' and 'acquaintance.' At my age, now—which is forty—I know that difference. I know that a friend is a man whose mind and heart are wholly open to you, as yours are to him. A man . . . . or a woman.

That's a nice bit of hypocrisy, what I've just written! What I'm leading up to, you see, is that the Dennises are my friends. The Reverend Richard Dennis, his daughters, his son Grayling, all of them. All, that is, except Elizabeth. Elizabeth, to be sure, is *my* friend, but if I claimed that I was *her* friend I should be lying. I am much more than that, and much less. My mind and heart are not open to Elizabeth. I dare not let them be. As I have said, I'm forty; I've been married; now I have two children to care for alone. Elizabeth—slender, quick-moving, clear-eyed Elizabeth—is only twenty-five.

I first met the Dennises when I re-

Brighter Day is heard Monday through Friday, 2:45 P.M. EDT on CBS. Sponsored by Ivory Flakes.

from Elizabeth

By SAM WINSHIP

treated to Three Rivers, something over a year ago. I suppose it's always a retreat or an escape when city dwellers move to a small town. We had lived in a medium-sized city: Toby, my little boy, Lulu, my little girl, and my wife. Then suddenly my wife had died.

About the months that followed I neither remember, not want to remember, very much. Mercifully befogged, I struggled through day after day, trying to keep up with my law practice and yet find time enough to spend with the children so that the shock of their loss would be softened, would sink in on them gradually and somehow become accepted. But after a time I saw it couldn't be done. I could not be a busy, active city lawyer and still make a life, single-handed, for the kids. A small town was the only answer I could think of. A small, undemanding practice, a house with grass around it, and dirt for digging, close enough to my office so that I could walk to work if I chose. Repose, clean air, wide, tree-shadowed streets . . . it began to be a sort of hunger in me, to find those things.

And so I did, in Three Rivers.

Toby and Lulu were wild with delight when they saw the house. At first, like well-trained apartment dwellers, they kept carefully off the grass, even though I pointed out that there were no "Keep off" signs and that, in fact, the grass was theirs to do with as they chose. But after a while they got the idea, and instead of running upstairs and down yelling, "Daddy —two floors!" they started running around outside. I got them each a shovel and a wheelbarrow, and turned my attention to my office.

That took some getting used to. It was really just a store, for Three Rivers doesn't run to office-type buildings; it rubbed shoulders with Mr. Mayo's hardware emporium on one side and the Three Rivers Lending Library and Stationers on the other. But rubbing shoulders with Mr. Mayo was a most rewarding activity, because almost at once he produced Mrs. Plummer, who turned out to be what he said she was —"The best working-out housekeeper in Three Rivers, my friend." And then, while the carpenter was busy making some necessary alterations in my "office," I discovered that if I left the door open a most delightfully scented breeze came wandering in. After that I felt just as Lulu had the day she went out the back door of our new house and found herself in a yard with bushes around it, instead of in an apartment-house corridor waiting for an elevator to take her down. She had said wonderingly, "Daddy, downstairs is *nice*. I like it here!"

Yes, I liked it, even before I met the Dennises. After I found them, it became home.

It was Patsy who came first. Enterprising Patsy, fifteen-going-on-sixteen, and doing her best to look twenty the day she came into the office in answer to my ad in the local paper for a secretary.

She wasn't the most convincing sophisticate in the world, for even I could see how uneasily she balanced on what I suspected were somebody else's high-heeled shoes. Her firm round cheeks and chin were childishly curved beneath their dusting of powder. But there was a no-nonsense forthrightness about her that commanded—and I think will always command—honest respect.

"Probably I am younger than anyone you anticipated hiring," she said sternly. "But now that I have met you I believe you are perceptive enough not to confuse physical with intellectual maturity." I restrained myself from bowing, feeling as though I'd been passed with honors. "Intellectually I'm quite mature," she continued. "My I.Q. when last tested placed me in the genius class. I tell you this at the risk of sounding boastful, because I am aware that I have no practical experience to offer. However, I type well. Not expertly, but well."

I said respectfully, "I have learned never to inquire too closely into any lady's age, Miss Dennis, but—forgive me for bringing it up, but surely you have some schooling to complete?"

"Oh, yes. I meant this only for the summer. I'm going into my senior year in the fall."

She looked a little discouraged, and I said kindly, "Are you sure you want to give up your summer to work at an indoor job?" There was that about Patsy's sturdy legs and broad shoulders that made me think of hockey sticks and tennis courts. Even the long hours of reading that must be behind her unusual vocabulary—I was sure she had spent them under the sun, with a pocketful of apples to munch.

"No, I don't." Her shoulders drooped. "But I am a practical person, Mr. Winship. I come of a large family. I must pull my weight in the boat."

Good for your family, I thought, *to have produced a kid like you.* At the back of my mind an idea was stirring, brought to life by the healthy outdoor freshness that surrounded Patsy like an aura. But I had to know more about Miss Patricia Dennis before I dared put that idea into words. Glancing at my watch, I said, "Look here, Miss Dennis. I won't have any more callers this late. How about joining me in a soda down at the drugstore I've noticed on the corner? I'm going to offer you a job that will really interest you.

Too poised to show surprise, Patsy rose and said with dignity, "You are a most unusual and interesting person, Mr. Winship. I'm sure Three Rivers will be the better for your coming." She grinned suddenly, a fifteen-year-old grin.

Half an hour and three sodas later—I had hired Patsy as summer "governess" for Toby and Lulu, at fifteen dollars each and every week.

With mutual delight, we toasted each other in chocolate soda to the success of our arrangement. "However," the logical Patsy remarked, "you still need a secretary. Maybe the Dennises can

The Reverend Richard Dennis.

fix you up there too." She eyed me speculatively. "Would you be averse to employing another of us?"

"Are they all like you, Patsy?"

She grinned. "All different. Nothing if not individualistic. I was thinking of Liz, though—she does all Poppa's typing and stuff for his sermons. And she runs the house, too. Ever since Momma died she's taken care of us. I think it's time Liz got away from Dennises for a while and took a look at the outside world." Patsy chewed thoughtfully on her straw. "She's only twenty-five."

Liz did indeed sound promising, and before we parted I accepted Patsy's invitation to pay a call on the parsonage that night. "It'll give them a chance to look you over," she said frankly, "and you can be looking Liz over at the same time. This being my first job, I guess Poppa will be a little anxious."

After supper that evening I left Toby reading to Lulu, with strict instructions to turn off the light at eight o'clock, and following Patsy's directions, found my way through the dimly-lit sleepy streets to the parsonage. It was an elderly clapboard building, dun-colored in the twilight, noticeably shabby even on that street of unpretentious houses. Two of the steps that led to the porch were split. I felt suddenly awkward, as I knocked and waited. What was I, a city-dweller with the common apartment-house habit of never knowing my neighbor's name, doing—paying a country-style call on a house full of strangers? Patsy had made it seem like the most natural thing in the world, but now as I stood outside the door it didn't seem that way at all! But before I could decide it was all a mistake, the door opened. At sight of the elderly, white-haired man who stood smiling at me, my stiffness vanished, never to return as far as the Dennises were concerned.

"Mr. Winship, I am sure. Please come in." The Reverend Dennis's voice, pitched low at the moment, held a suggestion of resonant power surprising in so slender a man. "We've looked forward to your visit ever since Patsy returned triumphant from the wars this afternoon." Closing the door behind me, he glanced at my empty hands and chuckled. "I see you prefer to go hatless. If my years permitted, I too would delight in the play of the wind through my hair. But alas—"

"Your dignity, Poppa! What would the Ladies' Aid say if their minister ambled down Myrtle Street looking like an undergraduate!" Patsy, appearing from behind her father, came to me with outstretched hand. "Please come into the living room, Mr. Winship. Poppa doesn't always remember that we've got one. Oh—*Poppa!*"

Following Patsy's eyes, Dr. Dennis looked downward at his feet. "Oh dear," he said. "My pet, forgive me. Once again I have disgraced the family name and fame. Slippers, they tell me—do come this way, sir—slippers are not the proper footwear in which to receive. But I am convinced that a comfortable host makes a more comfortable guest."

I had an odd sensation of having wandered into another century. It was infectious. I found myself responding in the Reverend's own courtly vein. "Your words are kind," I said, "but the slippers make me feel truly welcome." Patsy and her father exchanged glances, and then somehow the three of us were laughing.

"See, Poppa, how accurately I observed and reported?" Patsy pushed two leather chairs closer together, and waved me into one of them. She gave me an admiring glance, as though I were a prize cake she was exhibiting at the county fair.

Eager, energetic Patsy Dennis.

Dr. Dennis nodded his narrow head so that the plume of silver hair glinted in the lamplight. "I see, my child. But when have I doubted your powers of observation? Er . . . let us refrain from discussing Mr. Winship before his very face, as we do not yet know him well enough for that." He smiled gently. "Is your sister Elizabeth planning to join us?"

Patsy said reprovingly, "Liz will be down in a moment, Poppa. But inasmuch as I—to use the vernacular—do not need a brick wall to fall on me, I will take your hint and go away. Excuse me, Mr. Winship. I'll see you and yours tomorrow!" She marched out, and I heard her soldierly tread going up uncarpeted stairs.

In the brief silence that followed, I glanced about the room. At some past date a wall had been knocked out to join two small rooms, and the result, large and high-ceilinged, was evidently used by the whole family as a community center. All the furniture was nondescript, but polished and tidy. I remembered Patsy's gallant speech about pulling her weight in the boat. It was altogether evident that there was no money to spare in this house.

On the table beside me a delicate porcelain bowl, carefully mended, held a bunch of pansies. Dr. Dennis saw me looking at the bowl.

"My daughter Elizabeth has inherited her mother's love of such things," he said, "together with a knack for their preservation." He made a tent of his slim fingers and looked at me with quiet penetration. "I believe we share a problem—that of caring for our children without a mother's help."

"Yes, I . . . quite recently . . ."

"Patsy is eager to meet your children. It is a long time since she, or any of us, has been blessed with the opportunity to love and be loved by a child. Babby—that is, Barbara—though she is our baby, is now so grown up that her sisters tell me she is looking quite human." He sighed. "I fear I can as yet see no change." He cocked his head, listening. "Yes, here is Elizabeth," he said, as a tall girl in a blue dress came in. "My dear, Mr. Winship. I have been talking his ear off, as Grayling would probably say."

"I heard you, Poppa dear." Elizabeth gave me a strong, thin hand, smiled warmly, and sat down in a chair covered with crewel-work—something I hadn't seen since my grandmother's things had been sold, years ago. She looked right in it, with a sewing-basket on the table beside her into which she immediately began to dip. "I think I must defend Babby. It's her stomach, you see—she's losing it and beginning to go in and out instead of round and round. Now that I think of it, Mr. Winship, you'd better be warned!" Elizabeth looked up at me half ruefully. "You've probably hired yourself two nursemaids, not one. Where Patsy goes, Babby goes. Perhaps you'd better give Mrs. Plummer a sword with which to defend your refrigerator!"

"On the contrary, I'll fill it with champagne and caviar. Or several flavors of ice cream—whichever you think they'll enjoy more! Seriously, sir," I said, turning to Dr. Dennis, "I can't tell you what finding Patsy had done for my peace of mind. The past

The only Dennis son, Grayling.

months have been bad enough for Toby and Lulu, and then there was the dislocation of coming here—moving from their familiar environment. The thought of leaving them more or less alone all day while I'm at work has . . . has almost frightened me. Patsy may bring Babby or any other Dennis along with her, just so long as she comes!"

Dr. Dennis smiled. "If Patsy has made a contract, she will keep it. I have no worries on that score. My only fear is that she may accidentally overlook the extreme youth of your little ones—four or five, and seven, are they not? And try to teach them the principles of nuclear physics." His smile became an outright laugh. "Our Patsy, as you may have noticed, is rather aggressively intellectual."

"She's wise and well-balanced, she really is," Elizabeth corrected softly. "She's got a heart full of affection. She'll love them till they squeal, Mr. Winship. I hope you feel the way I do, that that's what children need more than anything else."

I think it was the word she used, *love,* that turned my attention to Elizabeth. There was an indescribable depth of tenderness in her voice as she talked of Patsy. I had thought her pleasant-looking, but plain, when she entered the room. Now, with her fine skin flushed and her eyes, so like her father's, looking rather anxiously into mine for agreement, I couldn't understand why I hadn't seen at once that she was beautiful. Not only her eyes were like her father's; the long, slim lines of her body, the shape and carriage of her head, several expressions of the mouth which I had glimpsed stamped them as related not only physically but emotionally. I lost track of the conversation as I stared at her, and wondered why on earth some intelligent man hadn't carried her off long before this.

Dr. Dennis coughed gently. "I fear I must take all my daughters aside and instruct them in the social graces. Patsy wished to enter upon a long discussion of Mr. Winship's personality even as he sat here, and now Elizabeth inquires into the fundamentals upon which he builds his life." He shook his head. "Too soon, my child, too soon!"

"No—forgive me, sir," I said earnestly. "Your daughters are right, and you are wrong. It's not too soon at all. I've just been realizing as I sat here that you and your family . . . your home . . . have brought Three Rivers into focus for me for the first time since I decided to come here." I hesitated, groping for the right words. "I see a place here for the children and myself. With friends—with affection . . ." I tried to finish on a lighter note, suddenly afraid that behind Elizabeth's attentive eyes the faintest shadow of pity had moved. "Miss Dennis may ask me anything she pleases!"

Elizabeth, who had blushed at her father's words, laughed. "I'll use the opportunity another way, and tell you some things about a small town which you'll find useful. In a way Poppa is right, you know. I'm fond of Three Rivers, and I hope you will be too, but it's the talkiest place in the world. It's true the Dennis family is a noble and trustworthy clan—but you do have to be careful what you tell other people!

Althea, the family beauty.

Have you the faintest idea how much we knew about you before you ever laid eyes on Patsy?" She clicked her tongue against her teeth in mock dismay. "Absolutely all your vital statistics. Where and how you planned to live, your office arangements, your coloring, your probable age and weight. So you see—if you've got any real secrets, you'll have to learn to guard them."

"What exotic secrets could a middle-aged lawyer with two children possibly have? Bring them on, Miss Dennis—all your gossips." Her mention of office arrangements had reminded me that I had yet to broach the chief reason for my visit. "In fact, if you'll come and be my secretary I'll make you a present of such secrets as I do have. Have you had time to talk it over, or think it over—whatever you usually do about such things?"

"Such things don't often come my way," Elizabeth said. She frowned, looking at her father. "Patsy did mention it, Mr. Winship. I wondered . . . I'm quite unprepared. We haven't been able to plan how the house will run without me around all day . . ."

Her father interposed, "Patsy planned it admirably, my dear. Grayling and I

Bruce Bigby, Althea's suitor.

Sam Winship, lawyer.

will help with breakfast, Patsy and Babby will help with dinner, and all the tidying up and so forth will be done by Althea. It arranges itself, as the French—I think it is the French—would say."

"And the mending, and the shopping, and the et ceteras?" murmured Elizabeth. She glanced at me again with that trace of mockery. "I'm beginning to think my family is plotting to drive me out into the world. Perhaps they think I've became too attached to my dishpans." Meditatively, she studied the socks on her lap. "Perhaps it's true. Maybe Grayling's right and I really am becoming what he calls me—Genevieve, the kitchen cynic."

Picking up a sock, she began rather mechanically to push her needle through it, and Dr. Dennis, with tact uncommon in fathers, drew me into a discussion of the first topic that came into his head. This happened to be chess in which with great mutual delight we discovered a common interest. By the time I rose to leave, we had set up a tentative weekly game, and I must confess I was so pleased about it that Elizabeth's coming or not coming to work for me had slipped into the background of my mind. As we said goodnight, she mentioned that she would think it over and let me know the following day, and I said without urgency that that would be time enough.

A little to my surprise, Elizabeth came. She stopped in the next morning and said, a little shyly, that if I really wanted to try her she would like to work for me. "I must warn you my typing isn't jet-propelled," she added. "No matter what Patsy may have said about my perfections."

"Neither is my practice, at the moment." I waved an arm at the empty outer office, created by the carpenter out of a couple of gates and a glass-topped door. "Let's hope we'll improve together. When would you like to start?"

She shrugged. "Whenever you like, Mr. Winship. I could start tomorrow morning or even right now." She looked toward a small desk which stood at right angles to my own. "Is that the desk I would be using?"

I nodded. "Why don't you try it out now? We can get you another kind of chair if this one doesn't suit—or you can begin arranging the drawers to your liking. I want this to be a comfortable office for all who labor here!"

Elizabeth laughed, and went behind her desk and (*Continued on page* 90)

DAYTIME

Here's your up-to-date listening

AUNT JENNY

Aunt Jenny heard on CBS 12:15P.M. EDT

Aunt Jenny is currently telling the story of Johnny and Sally Franklin, a pair of starry-eyed youngsters who fall in love, run away and get married. They do all this so swiftly that there's little time to plan how they're going to live after they're married, and Johnny finds it easy to persuade Sally that the best thing they can do is move in with his family for a little while. Unhappily, the "little while" stretches into a year, and when their first baby comes along Sally suspects that perhaps Johnny doesn't really want the responsibility of a home of his own. How Sally tests her suspicion, and what she does about it, make one of Aunt Jenny's most exciting real-life stories.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Larry Noble heard on NBC 4 P.M. EDT

Mary Noble, wife of Broadway star Larry Noble, is trapped in a difficult situation when Rupert Barlow, wealthy backer of her husband's play, reveals his interest in her. Fearful of antagonizing Barlow or of disturbing Larry to the detriment of his work, Mary is helpless when Barlow persuades Larry to send her and Larry Jr. on a trip to Bermuda. Plausible as ever, Barlow points out that the trip will get Mary out of the way of malicious gossip which, unknown to Larry, Barlow himself has instigated. Further, Barlow obtains control over certain investments of Larry's by promising to reinvest for greater profit. Will Barlow succeed in destroying Mary's marriage?

BIG SISTER

Ruth Wayne heard on CBS 1 P.M. EDT

At last Parker, the vicious millionaire with whom Dr. John Wayne has become friendly, sees an opportunity to hurt Ruth Wayne, John's wife, who has always been suspicious of Parker. Ruth's brother Neddie is having trouble of all kinds—financial trouble with his garage, trouble with his wife Hope—and Parker begins subtly to gain influence over Neddie. Meanwhile, the conflict between John and his one-time friend, Dr. Reed Bannister, is stirred up once more as Reed all but accuses John of too much interference during the recent Bannister family trouble, when the miscarriage suffered by Valerie Bannister led her to turn against Reed, her husband.

BRIGHTER DAY

Grayling Dennis heard on CBS 2:45 P.M. EDT

With the help of her father, Reverend Richard Dennis, young Liz Dennis has tried to instill in her family the principles of love, tolerance and decency in which she so fervently believes. With horror, therefore, she sees her younger sister Althea use her beauty to make an advantageous marriage without love. When in order to extort more money from her wealthy father-in-law, Mr. Bigby, Althea falsely says she is pregnant, Liz and Grayling, her brother, tell Althea's young husband Bruce the whole truth. This drives Bruce to desperation which almost costs him his life, and frightens Althea into real understanding of what she has done. But has Althea really changed?

DAVID HARUM

Aunt Polly heard on NBC 11:45 A.M. EDT

David Harum, president of the Homeville Bank, has recently become involved in the troubled affairs of Lorraine Simmons, one of his important depositors. The trouble stems from Richard Langdon, a distant relation of the family—an attractive young man with whom Lorraine's niece Kate has fallen in love. Unfortunately the Simmons household is sheltering an unwelcome guest in the person of glamorous Dolores Hilton —and Dolores too is in love with Richard! David's acute understanding of human personality has made him one of Homeville's most beloved citizens. Will it be long before he sees that beneath Richard Langdon's charm lies a very different character?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

Sally heard on NBC 5:45 P.M. EDT

The murder of a cook plunges David Farrell, star reporter for the New York *Daily Eagle,* into the mysterious series of events which he calls "The Star Sapphire Murder Case." The dead cook was in the employ of Myra Halsey, owner of a fabulous star sapphire which according to legend bears a centuries-old curse. When David learns that at the time of the murder the dead cook was wearing cast-off garments belonging to her employer, he agrees with Myra that the murderous attack was intended for her. Does Myra really believe in the curse? Is that why she pleads with David to take temporary charge of the sapphire? Or is there some other reason?

GUIDING LIGHT

Charlotte Brandon heard on CBS 1:45 P.M. EDT

After her dramatic disappearance in the mountain blizzard, Charlotte Brandon is found. But her husband Ray, convinced that his lack of understanding led to the mental crisis that sent Charlotte hysterically into the snow, waits only until assured she will live, and then leaves for Los Angeles, telling her that he has forfeited the right to be her husband—and leaving a clear field to Sid Harper, who has always loved Charlotte. Meanwhile the Bauer family, whose fortunes are still entangled with Charlotte's, struggle through various marital difficulties . . . Meta, married to Ted White without love . . . Bill, married to Bertha, without enough money.

DIARY

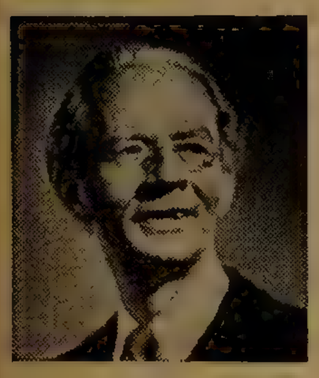
guide to all the dramas on the air

HILLTOP HOUSE

Grace Dolben
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M. EDT

The rift between Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop House, and her lawyer husband Michael, becomes acute when Mike undertakes the affairs of the Nesbitt family, as hysterical Mrs. Nesbitt tries to have her little girl, Carol, removed from Hilltop in spite of the court's decree that she remain there while her parents are quarreling over her custody. The struggle reaches a shocking climax when Mrs. Nesbitt dies, and so, finally, does the marriage of Julie and Mike. Julie is able to bury her unhappiness by concentrating on her beloved Hilltop, but can she continue to remain unconscious of Dr. Jeff Browning's interest in her?

JUST PLAIN BILL



Bill
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M. EDT

Bill Davidson, simple barber of Hartville, is mixed up in the murder of notorious Chicago gangster Edgar White when White's body is discovered in his apartment by Philip Conway, friend of Bill's. Philip, swearing his innocence, takes Bill's advice to return to Chicago, but oddly enough takes with him Bill's daughter Nancy, wife of lawyer Kerry Donovan—though he has to practically kidnap her to do so. Then Ruth Tate, one of the Tate sisters who have recently become friends of Bill's, confesses that she knows who killed White. Her testimony incriminates her and causes Chicago police to hold Philip. Bill persuades Kerry to act as their lawyer.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Chichi
heard on
NBC 3 P.M. EDT

Chichi is gradually becoming more and more reconciled to the break-up of her erstwhile romance with handsome writer Douglas Norman. She realized, after he married Alice Swanson, that what she and Douglas felt for each other was not love, but friendship. That friendship is still alive—so much so that Chichi undertakes to help the Normans when Alice's first husband, who was declared legally dead after years of absence, suddenly appears and interferes in their marriage. Chichi herself is involved with Jim Swanson when he decides to "go to work" on Victoria Vandenbush, the wealthy woman with whom Chichi has taken a job as companion.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Leah
heard on
NBC 2:45 P.M. EDT

In this story of a family living in troubled times of which we read in the Bible, the scene has shifted to Galilee, where Miriam, the young maiden of Jerusalem, is sent by her family to break up her romance with Anthony, a young Roman centurion. Miriam's family is anxious for her to marry Uriah. But Miriam refuses to accept Uriah telling him to his face that she will never marry him. Uriah learns that Anthony is the man she loves. With this information Uriah can ruin Miriam and Anthony for, by the edict which Miriam's father helped to prepare, fraternizing between the girls of Jerusalem and the Roman soldiers is punishable by death. How will Uriah use this weapon?

LORENZO JONES

Lorenzo Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EDT

Lorenzo Jones, mechanic by trade, inventor by preference, is just a little more susceptible to flattery than the ordinary person. So when Debby Swift and Peter Sloane appear in town and ask Lorenzo to teach them to become inventors, he is too pleased at the tribute to spend any time questioning their real motives. However, Lorenzo's wife Belle—and practically everyone else in town—is convinced there is something sinister about the two young newcomers. As Lorenzo graciously undertakes to explain the mysteries of creative invention, Belle stands nervously by, wondering what Debby and Peter are really after. Is Lorenzo's "escalator oven" involved?

MA PERKINS

Ma Perkins
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EDT

The cousins may yet succeed in upsetting Ma's whole scheme of living, as Cousin Ed Hammacher, with the unwilling help of his wife Bonita, turns his attention to the possibility of driving Shuffle Shober out of Ma's life. Ed has underestimated the strength of Ma's faith in Shuffle, her dearest and oldest friend, but nonetheless he has managed to turn up something from Shuffle's past which has Shuffle rather worried. It seems incredible that an old story will be successful in ruining poor Shuffle's whole existence—but Ed is used to causing trouble—it's the kind of work he enjoys. And now Ed has the help of his son Sylvester who has come from Wyoming to see what he can get out of Ma.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Pat Brady
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EDT

Beautiful Nona Brady is beginning to wish that she had been born homely, for ever since her beauty suggested to producer Vernon Dutell that she might be a successful movie actress, there has been little but trouble for Nona and her foster father, Pat Brady. Pat has been accused of the sensational murder of Emery Monaco, and the evidence against him appears crushing in spite of the able defense of famous lawyer Ward Trevor, for whom Nona used to work. Movie star Thelma Powell, jealous of Vernon's interest in Nona, is trying to involve Nona herself, and has found willing allies in Renee Monaco, the dead man's widow, and in Betty Adams, a juror.

OUR GAL SUNDAY

Sunday
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EDT

Tragedy disrupts the happiness of Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, when their small son David is run down by a car which immediately leaves the scene of the accident. Desperate with fear for David, Sunday does not dream that the hit-run car was driven by people she knows. Norma Kenyon, engaged to Henry's friend Sir Malcolm Spencer, has a younger sister, a platinum blonde named Gail, who has always regarded Norma as her especial property and is so disturbed over her new interest that she has decided to break up the engagement. Sunday, attracted to Gail, is trying to help her—unaware that the girl rode in the car that hit David!

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Dwight Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EDT

The long-drawn-out suit between Carolyn Kramer and her divorced husband Dwight for the custody of their son, Skippy, has been settled with the court's decision that Skippy is to be given to his father and the new Mrs. Dwight Kramer, who, as Constance Wakefield, was once Carolyn's dearest friend. Unable to bear the thought that the Kramers will move to Chicago and take Skippy with them, Carolyn plans to flee with her boy from the court's jurisdiction, against the advice of Miles Nelson, her fiance. As this argument intensifies the conflict already caused by Miles' political activity, Carolyn draws closer to her one-time suitor, Dr. Dick Campbell.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Pepper Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EDT

Mrs. Trent, Carter's mother, continues plans to legally adopt her secretary, Ginny Taylor and leave a fortune to her. The Youngs are upset because they know the whole thing stems from Mrs. Trent's selfish desire to break up the romance between Ginny and the young flyer, Jerry Feldman. Jerry has lately shown so little eagerness to marry Ginny that the heartsick girl allows herself to be talked into Mrs. Trent's plan. Suddenly, however, she learns that Jerry knows if he marries Ginny she will lose a fortune. This is why he has held back! Ginny tells Mrs. Trent's lawyer she will not sign the final papers, and it looks as if Mrs. Trent will lose her secretary.

ROAD OF LIFE

Maggie Lowell
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.JEDT

Dr. Jim Brent has finally learned that his wife Carol died in a plane crash after she left him two years ago. Beth Lambert, whose posing as Carol completely deceived both Jim and his daughter Janie, has confessed the deception. Bitterly Jim surveys his tragedy—Maggie, the girl he fell in love with after Carol's disappearance, married his friend Frank Dana when the false "Carol" reappeared in Merrimac. Trying to forget the past, Jim throws himself into his work becoming interested in young Jocelyn McLeod who has just come from Samoa to visit friends in Merrimac—and has brought with her a strange illness. Can Jim save this girl, who has such a strong appeal for him?

PERRY MASON

Perry Mason
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EDT

As Allyn Whitlock is taken into custody for the murder of blackmailer Wilfred Palmer, her mysterious friend, Walter Bodt, makes plans to save her from punishment for her crime. Bodt hires Joseph Kamp, notorious criminal lawyer, for Allan's defense and brings pressure to have prosecutor Robert Noble, an honest man, removed from the opposition. Perry Mason, meanwhile, gets a heartfelt thank-you note from Audrey Beekman, the witness who helped him fix Palmer's murder on Allyn and whom, in return, he protected. Audrey is worried now about her husband Ed, who is making more money than ever before in some mysterious business about which he will tell her nothing.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EDT

Helen Trent, Hollywood gown designer, and attorney Gil Whitney have made final plans for their marriage. But Cynthia Swanson, clever and wealthy widow whose pursuit of Gil is completely undiscouraged by the obvious fact that he loves Helen, is more than ever determined that somehow she will prevent the marriage. She manages to make a serious discovery about Gil Whitney—a discovery that takes her on a trip to the South. When she returns, Cynthia has with her a woman named Betty Mallory—whose real name, she says, is Mrs. Gil Whitney! Helen turns to Gil for a denial, and is shocked to find that for some reason he hesitates to call the woman a liar!

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Walter Manning
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M. EDT

Walter's new job as managing editor of Mr. Staley's local paper runs into a snag when employees at Staley's lumber mill fall seriously ill due to the lack of proper safety precautions for their work. Portia, Walter and Walter's brother Christopher try to prove Staley guilty of negligence, if not worse, but their cooperation stops when Christopher falls in love with Portia. Walter, always jealous of his brother, orders Chris out of the house and Portia agrees never to see him. But suddenly Christopher unearths the evidence that proves Staley's guilt. Portia, meeting him to get the information is seen by a town gossip. Parkerstown tongues start wagging.

ROSEMARY

Mother Dawson
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EDT

Was it such a good idea for Bill and Rosemary Roberts to leave Springdale and come to New York? Bill's wonderful new job with an advertising agency is a good opportunity, but Rosemary was happier in Springdale —particularly since New York involved her so closely with the Wilson family. Don Wilson, Bill's boss, has already upset Rosemary by the horrid proposal that she promote his extra-marital romance with Rosemary's friendly neighbor, Blondie. Now Blanche Weatherby, lovely divorcee daughter of the Wilsons, has come back to town. There's no doubt about her interest in Bill. Now that Blanche has a job in his department, what will happen to Rosemary's marriage?

SECOND MRS. BURTON

Terry Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EDT

Terry Burton, having accompanied her husband Stan to Europe on what professes to be a business trip, does not know that in reality Stan is on a mission from the U.S. government—a mission so dangerous and secret that he is under orders to reveal it to no one, not even his wife. Having placed their son Brad in an English school, Stan and Terry, with baby Wendy, plan to fly to Paris—Terry believing Stan must go there to buy new models for his store in Dickston, and Stan really going under orders from secret agent Cedric Dulumen, whom he contacted while in London. Stan knows he is in imminent danger, but even he does not realize how close on his trail are the enemy's agents.

WENDY WARREN

Mark Douglas
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EDT

The suspicions of Wendy and her managing editor, Don Smith, that there is something wrong with the man known as Peter Wotton, fire up when Peter's young secretary is found dead. Dorothy Chaffee apparently killed herself—and Wendy, knowing that she was hopelessly in love with Peter, might be inclined to believe this—except that shortly before her death she excitedly reported to Wendy an incident that made both of them wonder what Wotton's business really was. Also, Wendy really knows Dorothy was not the type to kill herself, no matter how dreary her life seemed. Will Wendy and Don succeed in involving Wotton in the drug scandal they're tracking down?

STELLA DALLAS

Richard Grosvenor
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M. EDT

Stella's good friend, Minnie Grady, has recently come into an inheritance which may do everyone more harm than good, for with it came a previously unknown "niece," Iris Devin, who is trusted by nobody. In fact when Jennie Smith, a run-down, unhappy young newcomer comes to town, she shows signs of increasing sickness, Stella's daughter Laurel fears she is being poisoned and makes no secret of her suspicions of Iris Devin. She brings Jennie to Stella and arranges for her to live in the basement room beneath Stella's sewing shop, and Stella gives the girl a job in the shop in order to help keep an eye on her. Is Jennie involved in Minnie's inheritance?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Harry Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M EDT

Angie Jones, the unbalanced woman who fell in love with Harry while he was in New York, promised Joan that she would go out of his life and leave him to his happiness with Joan and the children in Beechwood. But Angie can't give Harry up. In a final desperate effort to get him back, she persuades Joan to go out with her in the car, and turns on her with a gun. As Angie shoots, the car crashes into a tree. By the time help arrives, Angie Jones is dead. Joan is taken to the hospital with a bullet wound in her spine. For weeks her family and all who love her pray for her recovery. What will happen to Joan, and to the child she and Harry are expecting?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Charles Dobbs
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M EDT

Young Tom Morley makes a dramatic turnabout and testifies for, instead of against, George Stewart, the man he accused of forgery. Nurse Nora Drake, in love with lawyer Charles Dobbs, George's brother, rejoices when George receives a suspended sentence, but is disturbed by the report of her young friend Suzanne that Tom now regrets helping George and seems mentally disturbed. Through Charles Dobbs, Tom meets psychiatrist Dr. Robert Seargeant, who may put money into a new Mental Hygiene Clinic for Page Memorial Hospital. Tom Morley is deeply impressed by Seargeant, and late one night turns up at the psychiatrist's apartment, to beg his help

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Lucia Standish
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M. EDT

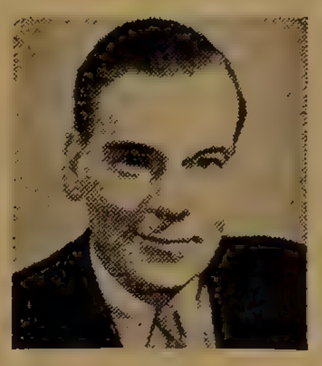
Little Jill Malone is the real victim of the separation between her mother, nurse Anne Malone, and her father, Dr. Jerry Malone. Learning that Jill's projected vacation with her father will be spent on the estate of Lucia Standish, the woman who hopes to marry Jerry, Jerry's mother succeeds in turning young Jill against her father, so that on the very night of Jerry's arrival to take Jill back to New York with him, the child tells Anne she will not go. From all sides pressure on Anne is increasing. Gene Williams and his father Sam want her to divorce Jerry; they both love her. Lucia wants the divorce. Does Jerry himself want one? And what of Jill?

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Paul Tracy
heard on
NBC 11 A.M. EDT

Through the zeal of Madame Sophie, famous dress designer, her friend Paul Tracy finds himself in serious trouble. Madame Sophie persuaded Paul to interfere in the marriage plans between beautiful young Elizabeth Johnson and Orville Hudson, three times her age and crippled besides. Hudson is killed, and Tracy, through circumstances which he would have controlled if he could, finds himself accused of murder. It is Paul's contention that Hudson, knowing his fiancee would be attracted away from him sooner or later by a younger man, killed himself and deliberately planned things to make Paul look guilty. But can Paul prove his difficult case?

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M. EDT

Through Victoria, sister of her fiance Dr. Anthony Loring, Ellen Brown has been drawn into a strange family quarrel. At Victoria's suggestion, her friend Madeleine Harper brings Christopher Simpson to Anthony for treatment for a gunshot wound in his foot—a wound about which Christopher and Madeleine, who are engaged to be married, are both very vague. Shortly afterward, Madeleine is disturbed at the arrival in Simpsonville of Christopher's older brother Alexander and his wife Louise. But what does Madeleine have in mind when she warns Ellen to beware of Louise Simpson—that Louise will hurt her? And what do Alexander and Madeleine have in common?

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct Central Daylight Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet	Local Programs	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	The Garden Gate
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00	World News	Happiness Hour	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15	Wormwood Forest			E. Power Biggs
9:30	Bach Aria Group	Dixie Quartet		
9:45	Male Quartet	Christian Science	Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Family Time	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00	Morning Serenade	Back to God	Foreign Reporter	Allan Jackson News
11:15			Frank and Ernest	News, Howard K. Smith
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	American Forum of the Air	College Choirs	Fantasy in Melody	Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	To be announced	Dr. Ward Ayer	Charles Collingwood
1:15		Voices of Strings		Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	American Warblers	National Vespers	Main St. Music Hall
1:45		Oberlin Choir		
2:00	NBC Theater	Mutual Chamber Music	This Week Around The World	Music For You
2:15				
2:30		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	Get More Out of Life
2:45		Veteran's Information	Drama	
3:00	One Man's Family	Treasury Variety Show	Speaking of Songs	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15				
3:30	The Quiz Kids	Juvenile Jury	The Lutheran Hour	
3:45				
4:00	Edwin C. Hill	Hopalong Cassidy	Voices That Live	
4:15	Facts Unlimited			
4:30	High Adventure	Martin Kane Private Eye	Milton Cross Opera Album	LP Record Parade
4:45				
5:00	Voices and Events	The Shadow	Think Fast	Earn Your Vacation
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	Strike It Rich
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	My Favorite Husband
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Henry Morgan	Nick Carter	Music With the Girls	Our Miss Brooks
6:45				
7:00	Christopher London	Adventures of the Falcon	Phil Bovero	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	The Saint	Amazing Mr. Malone	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Adventures of Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen
8:15				
8:30	Theater Guild on the Air	Enchanted Hour		Red Skelton
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Corliss Archer
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Sheilah Graham	Chance of a Lifetime	Horace Heidt
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	This Is Europe	Jimmie Fidler	Contented Hour
10:15				
10:30	Bob Crosby Show	Phil Napoleon Orchestra	Jackie Robinson	We Take Your Word

BARBRA FULLER—Barbara until she realized her full name was thirteen letters long—is Claudia on One Man's Family (NBC, Sun. 3 P.M. EDT).

Dear Reader-Listener:

A new research system has been set up in order to insure there being more up-to-the-minute information in Inside Radio than ever before. This new system will enable time, program and station changes to be made as late as the tenth of the month before RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands. Some changes, of course, will be received too late to include but on the whole you'll find the Inside Radio listings a precise guide to what's on the dial.

The Editors.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs	Margaret Arlen
8:45			8:50 Pauline Frederick	
9:00	Eddie Albert	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	This Is New York
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		
9:45				Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	This is Bing Crosby
10:15		Faith in Our Time		Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Dave Garroway	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	
10:45			Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Dave Garroway	Bob Poole		
11:30	Jack Berch		Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Doughboys		Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Lanny Ross		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Home Towners	Chuckle Wagon	12:25 Beauty and Fashions	Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Boston Symphony	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Harold Turner		Young Dr Malone
1:45	Art Van Damme Quintet	Checkerboard Jamboree	Art Baker's Notebook	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Hannibal Cobb	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom	Nona From Nowhere
3:15	Road of Life		3:25 Walter Kiernan	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Pick a Date	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00	Backstage Wife	Local Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Happy Landing	
4:45	Young Widder Brown			4:55 Hite and the News
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Mark Trail	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Tom Mix	Sky King	Hits and Misses
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30	Sketches in Melody			Curt Massey Time
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Frank Sinatra	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Edwin C. Hill	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From The Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	I Love A Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	The Railroad Hour	Bobby Benson	Ethel and Albert	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Peter Salem	Henry Taylor	Talent Scouts
8:45		8:55 Bill Henry	Buddy Weed Trio	
9:00	Telephone Hour	Murder By Experts	Leighton Noble's Treasury Show	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15				
9:30	Band of America	Crime Fighters	Rex Maupin	
9:45				
10:00	Nightbeat	Frank Edwards	Music by Ralph Norman	My Friend Irma
10:15		Mutual Newsreel		
10:30	Dangerous Assignment	Dance Bands	Strictly From Dixie	The Bob Hawk Show
10:45				

JO STAFFORD—is an outstanding member of CBS' daily Club 15 on Tues. and Thurs. (7:30 P.M. EDT) and solos on The Contented Hour. She began singing with her sisters, later branching out as a soloist. In 1944, Johnny Mercer gave her a recording contract and a spot on his radio show. She recently made news by bringing to Europe the institution of the Disc Jockey—she records the spoken portion and the music is filled in after.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Dave Garroway	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love And Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chuckle Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Beauty and Fashions	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Club Time Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Bobby Benson	The Green Hornet Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America To be announced	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall Gentlemen of the Press	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham We Care, Drama	Life With Luigi Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Time For Defense BusinessManagement	Philip Marlowe Pursuit

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:55 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Dave Garroway	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chuckle Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Beauty and Fashions	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

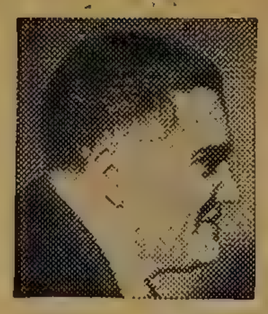
EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:30 8:45	This is Your Life Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	Dr. I. Q. Casebrook of Gregory Hood	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30	Break the Bank Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Adventures of Sherlock Holmes Buzz Adlan's Playroom	Groucho Marx Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Richard Diamond	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Oklahoma Symphony	Lawrence Welk On Trial	Burns and Allen Lum and Abner

PATSY CAMPBELL—who has the title role in the Second Mrs. Burton (M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS), took her grandmother's maiden name when she decided to become an actress because she was afraid her real name (Doupe) would be misspelled and mispronounced. Her biggest thrill came at the age of seven when she got her name in the paper for riding a pony bareback, standing up. Patsy is married to Al Reilly.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Dave Garroway	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary



BILL LEONARD—versatile host of CBS' This Is New York (9-9:45 A.M. EDT, Mon.-Sat.) is one of radio's top interviewer-reporters; his staff of three reporters and two secretaries help unearth news, recipes and restaurants. In addition, Bill covers all opening nights and, since 1945, has seen over 1000 plays and movies. A native New Yorker. Bill lives in Riverdale with his wife and three sons.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News The Note Noodlers	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Hometowners	Chuckle Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	12:25 Beauty and Fashions	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Bobb/ Benson	The Green Hornet Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Sports For All 8:55 Bill Henry	Blondie Date With Judy	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Guild Duffy's Tavern	Limerick Show Mr. Feathers	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Supper Club Dragnet	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics Murder and Music	Hallmark Playhouse Hollywood Theatre

BARTON YARBOROUGH—Ben Romero on NBC's Dragnet (Thurs. 10:30 P.M. EDT) and Clifford Barbour in One Man's Family, was born in Goldthwaite, Texas, and left home at seventeen to play the juvenile lead in a musical comedy. After over fifteen years of acting, he still has traces of a Texas drawl. His radio days have been haunted by Carlton Morse, who authored one of Barton's first radio shows, then I Love A Mystery and, finally, One Man's Family.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Dave Garroway	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	U. S. Marine Band	Chuckle Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	12:25 Beauty and Fashions	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy We The People	Bandstand U. S. A. Eddy Duchin 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Robert Q. Lewis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Directors' Playhouse Jimmy Durante	Army Air Force Show Meet the Press	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Up For Parole Broadway's My Beat
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Boxing Bout	Escape Capital Cloakroom

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York
9:15				
9:30	Coffee in Washington			
9:45				Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00	Fred Waring Show	Local Programs		Galen Drake
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols		Garden Gate
10:45		Helen Hall		
11:00	Lassie	Your Home Beautiful	Joe Franklin's	Allan Jackson
11:15	Stamp Club	Almanac	Recordshop	11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Man on the Farm	At Home With Music	Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Dance Music	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	National Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey	Navy Hour	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15		Jerry & Skye		
1:30	Voices Down the Wind	Symphonies For Youth	Roger Dann	Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	To be announced		Let's Go to the Opera	County Fair
2:15				
2:30	Musiciana	Bands For Bonds		Get More Out of Life
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Dance Orchestra		Reports From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30		Caribbean Crossroads	Phil Bovero Orch.	Farm News
4:00	Living, 1950	Dunn on Discs	Racing News	To be announced
4:15			Recorded Music	
4:30	Matinee at the Meadowbrook	Sports Parade	Treasury Band	Musical Notebook At the Chase
5:00	Slim Bryant	Music	Tea and Crumpets	Treasury Bandstand
5:30	Report on America	Radie Harris		
5:45	Hollywood Closeups	3 Bees & a Honey		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner News	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Roger Renner Trio	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Al Helfer	Harry Wismer	Sports Review
6:45	Orchestra	Preston Sellers	Melody Rendezvous	Larry Lessueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls		Young Love
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Archie Andrews	Comedy of Error	Chandu the Magician	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45		7:55 John B. Kennedy		
8:00	Science Fiction	Twenty Questions	Heinie and His Band	Gene Autry Show
8:15	Theatre			
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Hollywood Byline	The Goldbergs
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	True or False	Rayburn and Finch	Gangbusters
9:15				
9:30	A Day in the Life of	Guy Lombardo		Arthur Godfrey
9:45	Dennis Day			Digest
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Sing It Again
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Voices That Live	

CARLETON YOUNG—is Mutual's dashing Count of Monte Cristo (Tues. 8 P.M. EDT). One of radio's handsomest actors, Cam—as he is known to friends—always knew he wanted to act. He received his A.B. from Carnegie Tech's Drama School in Pittsburgh and began his radio career there shortly after graduation. At his home in Westfield, N. Y., where he was roller skating champion, he missed the world record by six seconds.

BREAK the BANK Quiz

Bert Parks emcees Break the Bank, sponsored by Bristol-Myers, Wed. 9 P.M. EDT, NBC, and 10 P.M. EDT over NBC-TV.

QUESTIONS

1. Some years ago the blackface comedy team of Pick and Pat were starred along with Charlie Winninger and Lanny Ross on the Maxwell House Showboat. On that show Pick and Pat were known by a different name. What were they called?
2. Sporting events during the early days of radio were made vivid by a famous sports announcer who died several years ago. He was also the announcer and comedy foil for Ed Wynn. Do you remember the name of this man who was often called the Dean of Sports Announcers?
3. The early days were also famous for "The Cliquot Club Eskimos". The snap of a whip, the barking of dogs, and the jingling of sleighbells were part of their musical theme. Who was their popular leader?
4. The battle-of-the-crooners sparked the airways even in the early days when it was Bing Crosby vs. a handsome dark haired troubador who met an untimely death in a shooting accident. Do you remember the name of Bing's friendly rival?
5. Many radio stars of old are associated with their famous catch lines. For instance, can you name the funny fellow of some years back who used to ask, "Do you wanna buy a duck"?
6. This fellow was famous for his scrapbook, homey philosophy, poetry and the softly spoken question "Are You Listenin' ". What's his name?
7. One word was the trademark of this orchestra leader. He smoked a big cigar, "feuded" with his friend Walter Winchell, said, "Yowzah, yowzah." Who was he?
8. "Vas you dere, Sharlie", not too many years ago meant that Baron Munchausen had another whopper to tell. Who played the Baron on the air?
9. This romantic singer sang to the accompaniment of an accordion and his theme song was "Marta". What was his name or how was he billed?
10. There was a singing lady known as the "Original Firestone Girl" who was also often referred to as the First Lady of Radio. What was her name?
11. Perhaps the fastest rapid-fire commentator of his or any time was also a war correspondent and newspaperman. Although radio was the major medium of his popularity, his face was well known: He wore a patch over one eye. What was his name?
12. Bing Crosby, Al Rinker and Harry Barris once formed a singing trio featured on the air and stage by Paul Whiteman. What was the name of this little group?
13. An early radio team that brought laughs with songs and patter billed themselves as "The Happiness Boys". Do you remember their real names?
14. This singing star was once known in radio as the "Singing Clown". He also sang at the Radio City Music Hall for nine years and he became one of the Metropolitan Opera's tenors. What is his name?

ANSWERS

1. Molasses 'n January
2. Graham McNamee
3. Harry Reser
4. Russ Columbo
5. Joe Penner
6. Tony Wons
7. Ben Bernie
8. Jack Pearl
9. Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer
10. Vaughn De Leath
11. Floyd Gibbons
12. The Rhythm Boys
13. Billy Jones and Ernie Hare
14. Jan Peerce

Mr. (l.) and Mrs. (r.) James S. Julian paid a surprise visit to their son, the noted research chemist Dr. Percy Julian, who recently was voted "Chicagoan of the Year." With them is Welcome Travelers emcee, Tommy Bartlett.

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

They stood before my microphone, a man and woman whose faces bore evidence of the fullness of their years. He was eighty; she was seventy, they told me, and their voices carried to our coast to coast audience a hint of the tranquillity which comes from inward peace.

They were Mr. and Mrs. James S. Julian, Sr., of Baltimore Maryland.

He was a former schoolteacher, Mr. Julian told me, a teacher who was taught by his own father to value learning above all things. The father, too, had made sacrifices for it. As a slave on a plantation, he had learned to read and write, and his master, in punishment had cut two fingers from one of his hands.

"And you've passed that desire for education on to your own children?" I inquired.

"We didn't have money to give them," Mrs. Julian answered, "so we had to give them ideals instead."

"What brings you to Chicago?" I asked.

"We came to surprise our son." Their eyes turned toward a smiling man seated at a nearby table.

Proudly, I introduced him to the audience. Dr. Percy Julian Jr., outstanding scientist, whom 5,000 fellow citizens, voting in a poll conducted by *Sun-Times* columnist Irv Kupcinet, had just named Chicagoan of the Year.

Among us, we told the story. From earliest childhood, Percy Julian had known what was expected of him. When he brought home an arithmetic examination paper marked eighty, his father had chided him, "Next time, make it 100. Never be satisfied with mediocrity."

From his birthplace in Montgomery, Alabama, he made his way to DePauw University. He worked as a waiter and furnace tender to pay college costs, took his Bachelor's degree, and set his sights for Harvard. He took his doctorate at the University of Vienna and returned home to teach in four great universities before turning to industrial research.

Now, as director of research and manager of the fine chemicals division of the Gliden Co., his work with soya products had brought results which will have a far reaching effect for many suffering people. He has succeeded in synthesizing four lifegiving chemicals which point the way not only to the control of arthritis and rheumatic fever, but to control of ailments afflicting every part of the body.

I brought the story up to the point where 700 civic leaders gathered at a luncheon to announce the winner of the award. He was surprised, he admitted, that the honor had gone to him.

His eyes rested on his parents. "But that wasn't the biggest surprise. I had come to the platform when some one pulled back a curtain, and there stood the two persons in all the world I most wanted to have at my side—my mother and my father. I was all broken up about it."

Since that broadcast, there have been letters from many of you that tell me that you, too, shared with me the inspiration of meeting a scientist who has overcome all odds to carry out his ideal of being of service to his fellow men.

By TOMMY BARTLETT

Welcome Travelers is heard Mon.-Fri. at 10 A.M. EDT, on NBC. Sponsor is Procter and Gamble.

Are you in the know?

After Graduation . . . what?

- ☐ *A career*
- ☐ *A profession*
- ☐ *The Life of Riley*

You snare that sheepskin—and then, wha hoppens? If you check the first two answers above, you're showing sharp headwork. And if you choose *nursing* for your career, you're headed toward a fascinating future—toward security, for life, in a really *great* profession!

Dr. Kilblare's Calling . . . You

Are you at least 17 years old? Healthy? Willing to work? Resourceful? Do you like people? It takes all this and special *knowledge* (the kind you get through special training) to be a registered nurse. And it's so worthwhile! For your skilled "know-how"—your heart, your hands—are needed in the health field, today more than ever.

Your Future's Secure

Yes, once you're an "R.N." you have scores of colorful, lifetime jobs to choose from. In a hospital, for instance; or in public health. In education. In private practice. You may be an industrial health nurse—an airline hostess—or choose a position with a railroad, a steamship line. Fact is, almost *anywhere* in the U.S.A. and the big wide world, the welcome mat's out—for *you*, when you're a registered professional nurse!

Get ALL The Answers

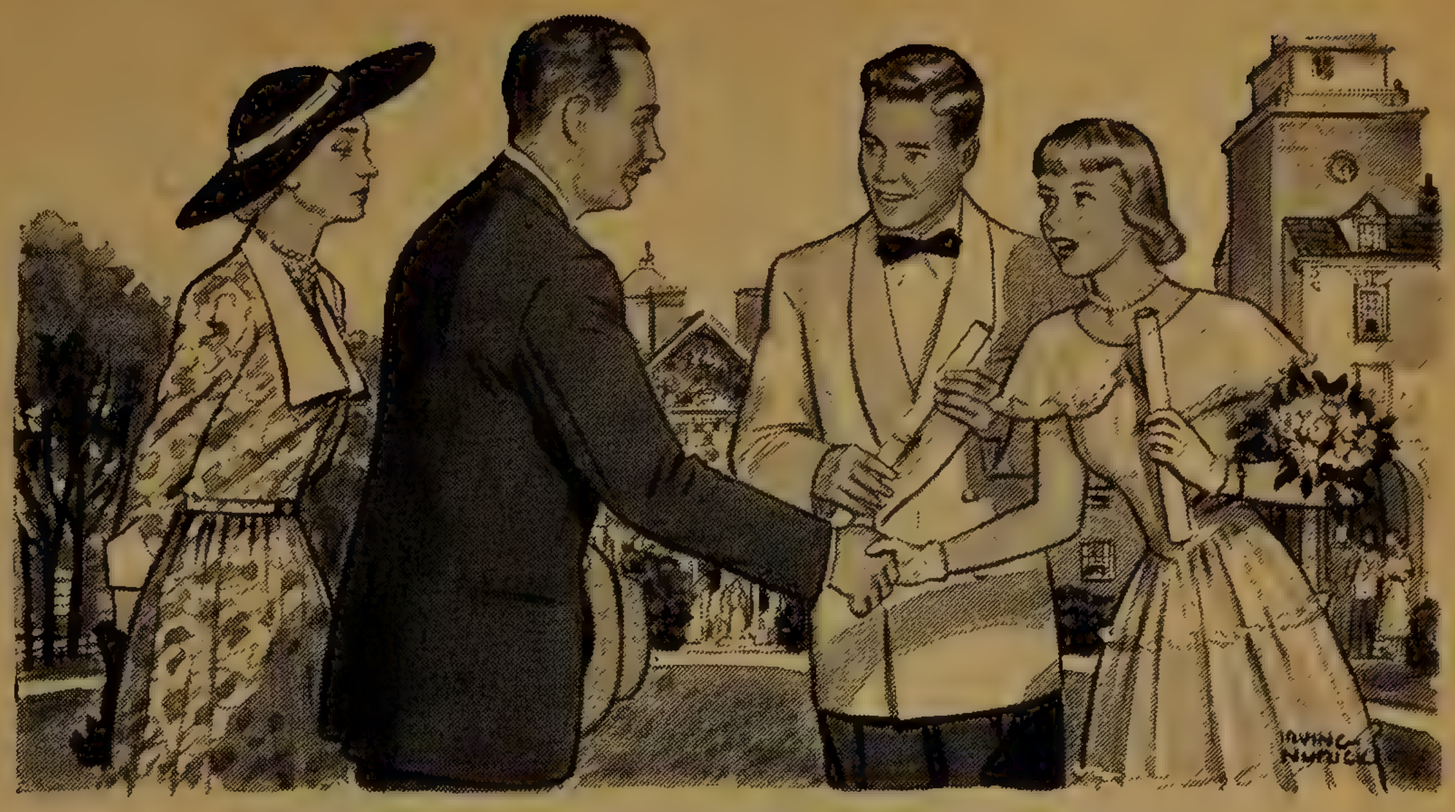
Get full details about nursing schools, tuition fees (many schools have scholarships and loan funds for student nurses) job opportunities . . . everything you want to know. *Right away*, send the coupon below, and you may be started on that dream-career—one you'll never regret!

COMMITTEE ON CAREERS IN NURSING
1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
Please send me, without obligation, complete details about a nursing career.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....



To make a favorable impression on his family—

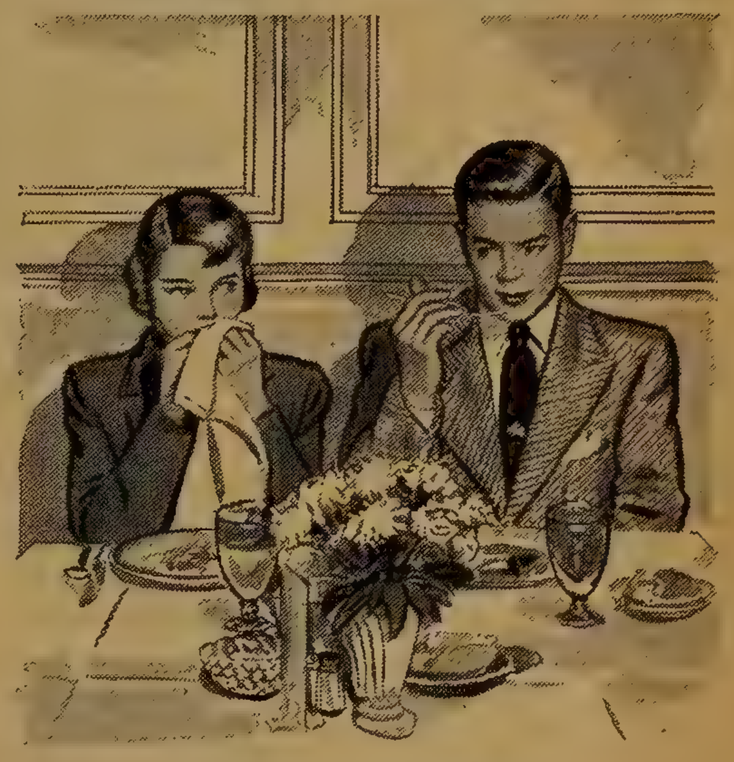
- ☐ *Greet them in Spanish*
- ☐ *Affect a chawmin' accent*
- ☐ *Avoid Slurvian*

"Widen Bill tell me you were here? I bin dine to meetcha." You wouldn't say that, *any*way! But in all your chatter, avoid Slurvian—if you'd win favor with his family. It's the language that slurs words, lops off syllables. Like "widen" for "why didn't" . . . "dine" for "dying." Good diction builds confidence. And to *stay* confident on certain days, do yourself the favor of choosing Kotex: made to stay soft while you wear it. *This* softness really *holds its shape*. Keeps you serenely comfortable!

If wrinkles worry her, should she bring—

- ☐ *Just denims*
- ☐ *Double-dark sun glasses*
- ☐ *Her new organdie dress*

Your holiday's better with a bit of la gla*mour* in your wardrobe. You can't wear blue jeans *all* the time. If "wrinkle-phobia" tempts you not to pack that dreamy cotton formal—here's news. *Now* many cottons are crease-resistant. Even organdie can shed wrinkles! Even at calendar time you can be your smooth, unruffled self—with Kotex. No telltale outlines show. With those *flat*, *pressed ends* you're free from *outline*-phobia!



In removing a bone, should you use—

- ☐ *Your fingers*
- ☐ *A napkin*
- ☐ *A spoon*

When you bite off more than you can chew—(a small bone, that is)—don't use your dinner napkin as a "curtain"! Get the bone back to your plate quietly, neatly, with your fingers. Then your date may never notice. Learn how to save yourself embarrassment, in all sorts of situations. On "problem" days, Kotex is the answer. Because that special *safety center* gives you extra protection you can rule out panic, with *poise*.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

R
M

Radio's Own Life Story

(*Continued from page* 20)

Cincinnati were guests on Rudy Vallee's show and made one of the fastest clicks ever known on the air. They stood before the mike without instruments and turned themselves into an orchestra. Before the last note of their theme song, "Hold That Tiger," faded, they were a sensation. Necessity had proved a kind mother in their case. When they were youngsters in Piqua, Ohio, they were too poor to afford musical instruments. All they had between them was one six dollar and twenty-five cent mail order guitar. That forced them to imitate other instruments by voice alone, and made them great.

Eddie Cantor, famous on the stage, was persuaded to make his air debut by Vallee who also put George Jessel on for his first broadcast this year. In 1932, Cantor became the star of the Chase and Sanborn show, and has been at the top ever since, beginning the Eddie Cantor Show in 1940. His success story is one everybody likes to remember. He was an orphan at two years, grew up in poverty on New York's lower East Side but became so big a musical comedy star that he had $2,000,000 to lose in 1929. This he promptly made back with three books, *Caught Short, Yoo-hoo, Prosperity* and *Your Next President* and a series of movies. These were later to be banned in Germany for no other reason than that Eddie Cantor was born Izzie Iskowitz. It was a sharp financial blow to Cantor who shared profits on his films, but all Americans can be proud of his answer to the insult: "That's fine. I don't want to make the people laugh who make my people cry."

Back in the spring of 1931, two very young business men, trying to think up something funny to do for a benefit show, invented the ancient Ozark gaffers, Lum and Abner. Chester Lauck (Lum) was managing an automobile finance company and Norris Goff (Abner) was secretary of his father's grocery company when the Jot 'Em Down Store in mythical Pine Ridge was born. (Some years later the real town of Waters, Arkansas, changed its name to Pine Ridge in their honor.) Eight broadcasts later it was "Goodbye commerce—hello show business." Except for a year out for movies, Lum and Abner have been on the air ever since.

Two other outstanding teams started this year. Clara, Lou 'n' Em began to gossip over their back fence, and Myrt and Marge started their sprightly adventures. Few guessed it, but these two pretty "sisters" were mother and daughter. Myrt became Mrs. Damerel at sixteen when she was in the chorus of "The Merry Widow" and married an actor in the cast. Marge was born a year later. Their radio show came to a tragic end in 1942 when Marge, after doing the broadcast and happily leaving for the hospital, died the next day in childbirth.

Little Orphan Annie (who had started in the funnies in 1925) was one of the first daily serials of any consequence for children, and is doubly important in that it marked a big change in advertising—direct sales appeals to the kiddies instead of to mother. By sending in two Ovaltine box tops, children got a free badge and a code book so they could understand the secret message broadcast every Wednesday. After this blinding flash of inspiration sponsors ran around wild-eyed thinking up ideas to attract the younger set.

Ireene Wicker (she got that extra E in her name from a numerologist who said it would bring her luck) started The Singing Lady for Kellogg. The Children's Hour, which began in Philadelphia in 1927, moved to New York. It is memorable because of the many unknown youngsters it started to fame —Ann Sheridan, Ezra Stone, Carol Bruce, Gloria Jean, Al Bernie, Joan Roberts, Arnold Stang and Kitty Kallen among others.

There was big news in news. The March of Time started to sing out its dramatic name. Edwin C. Hill was The Man in the Front Row and in 1932 he began his famous Human Side of the News which brought him a vast following and which has gone on and on ever since. Pope Pius XI opened Vatican City's HVJ on February 12 with an international broadcast, and his voice was heard for the first time in America. Louella Parsons started broadcasting from Hollywood. She shared time with Raymond Paige's orchestra on the Sun-Kist Show, doing a five-minute interview with a movie star and setting the pattern for her star-studded Hollywood Hotel which was later to be one of the first great shows originating on the West Coast.

The oldest of the radio forums, The University of Chicago Round Table of the Air, began. It is most important as a trail blazer because it put emphasis on democratic discussions of all sides of controversial issues, and was very widely imitated after it went on the NBC network in 1933.

Frank Hummert took time out from his newly-discovered daytime serials to produce The American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, long its star, was so popular that—though he retired in 1945—this magazine still gets heavy mail asking for news of him.

Hansel and Gretel, first opera to go on a network in its entirety from the stage of the Metropolitan, was heard on December 25, a magnificent Christmas present to the country from Texaco, and the first of a long series on both the Red and Blue networks, and still going today.

The Boswell sisters, Connie, Martha and Vet, had been on the air for several years, but this year Connie began to emerge as the star of the three. She had a sustaining show on CBS and later went on the Camel Caravan and the Kraft Music Hall, after Vet married in 1935 and the troupe disbanded. Connie was hurt in a fall from a coaster wagon when she was four years old, but her wheel chair was never allowed to interfere with her music. The girls were trained for concert as they grew up in New Orleans, but drifted to jazz and hot rhythms. They were famous for "triple talk" in choruses long before double talk was a fad, and developed a fascinating new style—singing against the beat—terrific! People couldn't get enough.

Rubinoff, the soulful violinist from Russia, brought his widely publicized $100,000 Stradivarius to the Chase and Sanborn Show. The Street Singer, Arthur Tracy, made "Mydah, rambling rose of the wildwood," and his accordion famous. Little Jack Little started his distinctive half-talk, half-melody style, forced on him after he had strained his voice at a football victory in Waterloo, Iowa. Singin' Sam (Harry Frankel) was billed as The Old Singing Master but is remembered best for the commercial

Barbasol, Barbasol
No brush, no lather, no rub-in
Just wet your razor and begin . . .

Dear to the memory are all of these, but let us catch up with the three young singers who were just about to roar into the really big time. Dorothy Lamour had already won a beauty contest and the title "Miss New Orleans." This triumph had not paid off in much but the honor. Complete with mother, she went to Chicago to seek her fortune. While she was waiting for fate to smile, she worked as an elevator operator. This was not exciting, but she was not downhearted. She sang at her work. That was how Herbie Kay heard her and signed her as featured vocalist with his band. In 1931 she was signed by NBC to do her own program. Four years later, Paramount put her in a sarong for her first film, "The Jungle Princess," and in 1940 she made "The Road to Singapore," first of that series with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. This was an undreamed-of future for all of them in 1931, because Bing was just about to get his big chance, quite by accident.

This is the way it happened. W. S. Paley, young president of CBS, was on vacation, relaxing on the deck of S. S. Europa, Europe bound. He had promised himself not to even think of radio, but his mind flew back to business when he heard a recorded voice pouring out of a stateroom, "To You My Love, My Life, My All, I Surrender, Dear." Without ceremony, Paley rushed down a corridor, knocked at the door, demanded to know who had made the record. He had never heard the name, Bing Crosby, before—and neither had the radio operator who, in a matter of minutes, was sending an urgent message to Paley's New York office. Few people had.

Bing did his first broadcast on his new sustaining contract for CBS in New York at 11 P. M. He was filled with gloom after the show, and left a sad little note for his brother-manager, Everett, "Dear Ev— cancel all contracts. I gave all I had and it's no good —Bing." His brother still brings that note out on occasion to prove that Bing can be wrong, because the next day Bing was an undoubted success—and under difficult circumstances, because opposite him on NBC was the immensely popular Ruggerio Rudolpho Eugenio Columbo, otherwise known as "Russ," the Romeo of Song.

Columbo's is a tragic story. He would have been one of the greatest if an accident had not ended his life in 1934. A friend, sitting across a table from him, was examining a pistol. He kept the barrel carefully pointed down, but when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the bullet ricocheted from the table, straight through Columbo's heart. He died instantly. At that time his mother was very ill and not expected to live. His heart-broken brothers and sisters decided to spare her the grievous news, told her that Russ was on tour, and gave her letters which the half-blind old lady could not read, thinking to solace the few weeks she had left. She lived nearly twenty years without knowing.

Though competition with Columbo was the greatest challenge a new singer could have, Bing had an immediate triumph. His recordings of "Stardust," "Sweet and Lovely," and "Just a Gigolo," among many others, sold like hotcakes, and he was sponsored by Cremo Cigars. In this program he had to put up with the appalling slogan "Spit is an ugly word," invented by the now-legendary George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Co. Hill was responsible, later, for "Lucky Strike Green has Gone to War," and the wearing repetition of LS-MFT, about which more in a later chapter.

Another of the greatest of the singing stars was coming to the top in 1931. Kate Smith had started on local stations in Washington, D. C., somewhat against the wishes of her family. They wanted her to choose a career with an assured future—like nursing. Her first New York stage show was "Honeymoon Lane." She did the Charleston in it—all two hundred and more pounds of her, and right nimbly, too. People loved it. Then she played the black-face mammy in "Hit the Deck" and sang the rousing "Hallelujah." Then came "Flying High" but her success in that brought her only misery. Her size was the subject of most of the jokes, and they were cruel. Her grandparents were shocked when they came up to see it. "No amount of money can pay you for suffering such indignity!" they said, and young Kate wept, wishing that she had never signed a contract.

Then a man missed a train and quite by accident chose "Flying High" to pass the time until the next one left. He was Ted Collins, official with the Columbia Phonograph Company. He sent his card backstage with "Important Business" scribbled on it. Kate almost didn't see him, thinking he was just another agent asking her to make a figure of fun of herself in a night club. She wept again when she found out that what he wanted was straight singing not clowning, from her. There has never been a contract between them, but they have been partners ever since. In spite of the fact that Kate's first broadcasts on CBS were in the toughest spot in all radio—opposite Amos 'n' Andy—she, too, was a hit from the start.

High-falutin' language was the thing in radio in those days. Kate and Ted chose "When The Moon Comes over the Mountain" for her theme song, but they wanted something else for her introduction. They tried out all kinds of high sounding phrases. Finally Ted scribbled a few words on a card, "Hello, everybody. This is Kate Smith," the introduction she uses to this day. It was a great novelty, in itself, because it set a new pattern for easy, unpretentious announcements. They still needed an individual way to sign off. After hours of thinking, Kate said, "How about 'Thanks for listenin'." Ted considered it. "It never hurts to say thank you," he said, secretly hoping that there would be somebody not tuned in to the Fresh Air Taxicab, Incorpulated.

No need to ask "Are You Listening?" in 1931, however. Everybody was. The country was broke. Radio was free. Besides, it was getting good, and was to get a lot better.

Next Month

How the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud started.
The rush of talent to the airways.
Burns and Allen, Show Boat, The Lone Ranger.

Suppose you couldn't *SEE* which shirt is cleaner

Why . . you could tell by the smell! The wonderful, *clean* fragrance of a shirt that has been washed with Fels-Naptha Soap *proves* that every bit of dirt and perspiration odor has been washed away—*completely!*

And for whiteness . . the improved Fels-Naptha you buy today has a new 'sunshine' ingredient that gets white things—shirts, towels, linens—brilliantly, *radiantly white.*

Yes, use today's *improved* Fels-Naptha and your white things will actually *radiate new whiteness* every time you wash them!

REMEMBER—ONLY FELS-NAPTHA GIVES YOU THESE THREE WASHDAY ADVANTAGES:

Mild, golden soap.
PLUS . . Gentle, active naptha.
PLUS . . A new, finer 'sunshine' ingredient that makes white things *radiate new brilliant whiteness!*

Ask your grocer for *Improved* Fels-Naptha Soap, *today.*

'MADE IN PHILA.' BY FELS & CO.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

R M

for Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moment (and it may come any moment) only one lipstick will do. It is Tangee! Because it is made by a newly perfected secret formula, you will discover:

(1) *A finer texture*...making it easier to apply. Still more important, it does not smear.

(2) *Stays on longer*...longer than any lipstick you have ever used.

(3) *Comes in enchanting colors*—the pink of perfection, Tangee Pink Queen—and six other glamour shades.

THE New Tangee LIPSTICK

R M

"I Enjoy Grand Slam Because—"

(*Continued from page* 43)

collected with the idea of their usefulness uppermost in our minds. And the listener-prizes, which go out to those of you who've succeeded in stumping studio contestants—they're loaded on trucks, those prizes, by three o'clock of the afternoon of the day they've been won.

There are so many small, more personal reasons, too, for my liking Grand Slam. There was the motherly lady—I can still see her face—who invited me "home" for Thanksgiving Dinner, and the blessed little person who told me, quite abruptly, "Music will make you happy!" And the children, lots of them, who love to play our game. There are all the funny moments to remember, and the tense moments, rainy days and sunny days—and the day of the big blizzard! Faces, too—the tired face of my secretary after a late night session in the office. Dwight Weist, as he waits to go on. Victor Sack, our director, in that suspenseful moment just before we go on the air. Roger Strouse, and his careful preparation for the physical properties and movement on the stage. Mary Lincoln, with an armload of prizes for the table. Bob Downey, writing music. Abe Goldman's cigar. And the days going by, toppling over each other so rapidly I lose count . . .

Good days and hectic ones. Like the morning I arrived to find our organ speaker missing. A frantic search, studio by studio, was being conducted to find out where that errant speaker might have wandered during the night. Remembering the old story of the horse that got lost, I sat down and thought to myself, "Where would I go if I were an organ speaker?" And that's where we found it—in Arthur Godfrey's studio!

And that well-remembered day, way back in 1946, on a footstool in my sister's kitchen. That's when, and where, Grand Slam was designed. We talked about a game that could be played at home, a game that would give *everyone* a chance to participate on a national basis! That's what we decided we wanted, and that's the way we've kept it ever since.

Another day comes into my mind—the one on which, ten minutes after the broadcast, I called a listener-winner by long distance in order to confirm her street address, which had somehow become blurred on the questions she'd sent in. I wanted to get the address right away, so that her prize could be shipped to her that afternoon. But it took some doing. I was exactly one hour getting through to her—because of the congratulatory telephone calls she was receiving from her friends in all parts of the country!

Memories like those are heart-warming. But there have been a few bad moments—when people have applied the term "give-away" to our show.

Grand Slam, unlike other broadcasts, is a game—not a "give-away." It's a game that can be played *anywhere, any time,* and the only equipment needed is questions, someone to answer them—and a spirit of good fun! Our CBS show is an at-home game played on a nationwide basis, using questions sent in by you listeners everywhere. Some of the folks who visit us in the studio are challenged to answer these questions, and prizes go to the listeners who stump the studio contestants. It's as simple and down-to-earth as that.

Within a few weeks on our CBS broadcast we shall be opening another of our periodic contests for questions from home players. Unlike other broadcasts, Grand Slam has no limited "guest list"—and, on your part, no sitting helplessly by on the sidelines, excluded from a chance to participate! Home players on Grand Slam are selected from the questions they send in, and *you* have as much chance to win as the next one! We invite *you* to join us, for this is Grand Slam—the game *everybody* can play!

GRAND SLAM TIPS

(*Continued from page* 43)

"Name 5 things that describe a baby's cheek."

5. We have received thousands of musical punch boards and crossword puzzles—scrambled titles—bingo games—pictures that remind you of song titles—and the like. Consequently, it would be inadvisable to send such entries at this time.

6. Before you do a lot of work on scarfs, doilies, handkerchiefs, patchwork quilts, paintings—etc., ask yourself if such handiwork is actually necessary; or if it's merely "dressing" for your questions. If your questions *can* be asked without the presence of the handiwork—don't spend time on the handiwork.

7. Remember it's not how your questions look—but what they *say* that counts.

8. Above all—*listen to the RULES* for sending questions as announced on the broadcast. These were set up to keep the game fair to all, and they must necessarily be stringently applied in judging.

. . . THE RIGHT TO BE READY!

As our country prepared to observe Armed Forces Day on May 20, a thousand Reserve Officers Association chapters planned to celebrate National Defense Week May 13 to 20 in virtually every city and village as a salute to our reserve forces and a reminder to keep them strong.

Now that the United States has accepted the responsibility of leading the world to international peace, it is committed to maintaining strong military strength until world peace is assured. The military might of the nation lies not only in our regular military establishment, but in our citizen soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen who make up our Reserve forces, and who ask only for the right to be ready.

National Defense Week is a reminder to America that *eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.*

Queen of America

(*Continued from page* 35)

to take off in a trans-ocean clipper to visit London and Paris as a representative of all American women, to tell the whole world American women's hope and determination to have peace and plenty for everyone. (And to have a glamorous honeymoon at the same time with my husband Floyd, which I'd never had time for in all the twenty-five years of our marriage!)

Could it be? Sallie Baker—who had worked all her life in the mud and the snow—wearing furs and diamonds and custom-made clothes, and driving (unless my fourteen-year-old son, Freddie, makes good on his boast to appropriate this part of the prize) a Continental sports car the like of which has never been seen in our part of the country.

And Sallie Baker—who had always wanted a home and never been able to afford it—planning to move into a new house furnished completely, electric kitchen and all, by that waver-of-the-magic-wand they call radio.

Our church has a new electric organ, just one more of the fabulous prizes. The kids at our school have new playground equipment, compliments of the Queen of America contest sponsors. And a movie camera projector and screen. It's incredible!

The prizes are the spectacular part of my victory, of course, but I realize in my quieter moments that the real value in my new eminence is the recognition and commendation it implies for the work of women everywhere to improve the living conditions of their people, the acceptance that is indicated of Senator Margaret Chase Smith's proposal—which Myrna Loy echoed on the broadcast—that "the woman's touch is sorely needed in our national and world affairs, that it has to be created from the ground floor up, and that means from the local community level."

I am happy that when the people in my home town began thinking about a candidate to represent them in the Queen of America contest my supervisor at the Methodist hospital in Pikesville could say that "Sallie Baker is a woman who never left a need unmet," that my son could sum it up more simply, when I wondered at this, with "Aw, mother, you know you're quite a gal—I guess you just never could say 'no'."

I guess I never could.

I was the oldest of eight children in our family. From my earliest childhood I was deeply religious. When I decided that nursing was the calling through which I could serve the poor and the sick and homeless most effectively, I worked like a slave in the fields—alongside poor Negro workers and even poorer whites—saving money, a few cents a day, to pay for my training. It didn't matter *how* I got it, just so I got it.

When, in 1924, I finished my course at the Cordele Sanitarium, a few miles from my home in Baxley, Georgia, I answered the first ad I found for an industrial nurse, and found myself a few weeks later in Jenkins, Kentucky, a primitive mountain town a few miles from the Cumberland Gap, provided with a house and a horse by my new employers, the Consolidated Coal Company, and with more cases of desperate need every day than I had ever thought twenty-four hours of work could cover.

A typhoid epidemic was raging. A hospital was under construction in Jenkins, but it was neither furnished nor

It's the waving lotion
that makes all the difference
in home permanents

Kit $2.75
Refills $2.00 and $1.50
(PRICES PLUS TAX)

For a lovelier wave in every way, use
Richard Hudnut for your next home permanent.
Its gentler, more penetrating creme waving
lotion is faster acting, yet actually leaves hair
springier, stronger...less apt to break,*
than most other home permanent wave lotions.
No frizzy ends, more *natural* sheen, more natural-looking curls.
Use with any plastic curlers you prefer!

From the Fifth Avenue Salon
Richard Hudnut
NEW IMPROVED
Home Permanent

with the waving lotion that leaves your hair
springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

you're a
young smoothie
in this figure flattering new
Sea Nymph
swim suit by jordan

It's sleek and chic in
DOESKIN LASTEX
And don't overlook the most important point . . . on that cuffed top! The panel of the trunk is smartly shirred . . . and so is the bra. Crystal, Shrimp, Emerald, Deep sea, Rose, Lilac and Daisy, in sizes 32-38. About $8.95

At your favorite store, or write Patty Leeds
JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18

equipped. Carrying water, improvising beds and equipment, we took care of 119 cases of typhoid in the first weeks after I arrived.

I went on horseback into the mountain country to bring back children and adults desperately ill; I went up river by boat—there was only one train a day out of the town, and no modern highways then—to reach others, bringing patients back often "by haul"—on my own back, that is.

I got to know everybody for miles around, and broke my heart over the starvation and disease, the ignorance and misery which stalked those still-backward hinterlands.

I met Floyd Baker a year later. When we were married I went to live with him in Pikesville, but went right on with my work. It never occurred to me to give it up, it was too desperately needed. And it never occurred to Floyd to ask me to.

I went right on answering calls from all over Pike county and most of Floyd county, an area, I guess, about as big as Rhode Island.

For the first eleven years of our marriage, Floyd and I were not blessed with children of our own. But that didn't mean that there were no children under our roof. Far from it.

In a country where nurses are scarce and doctors scarcer, a woman in my job finds herself doing lots of things which don't strictly come under the title of nursing.

Lots of babies are born every year in Pike county, many of them far from hospital care. I've never been a licensed midwife, but there have been times—lots of them—when I have been there, and nobody else has, when a woman's time came. At a time like that you help. Naturally.

Some of the babies born, and these touched my heart the deepest, were unwanted ones—little illegitimate children for whom my superiors and I were able to find good homes. Finding homes for tiny babies is easy, and one of the most rewarding jobs in the world.

For older children—just as unwanted—it isn't as easy. Time after time, in the early years of our marriage, we made room in our home for some poor, neglected, half-starving girl—having first cleansed her of filth and vermin—and helped her grow happy and strong. And then, when she went on to study or to a job or to marriage, we opened our door to another.

I don't say these things to make myself sound like a heroine. It was what I wanted to do all my life, it was—while my husband and I waited for a child of our own—a real fullfillment.

I took three months off from my work when Freddie was born, in 1934. And when I went back to the hospital, my directors urged me to study X-ray techniques and anaesthesia, so that I could work more "sensible" hours and closer home. A woman with a baby son, I guess they figured, had no business wandering around two counties all day and night on horseback, in Joe boats of mule sleds, or on foot.

Besides, our part of the country was coming out of its isolation. Three big super highways were being built; railways were pushing their lines deeper and deeper into the hill country. We had a big new radio station at last in Pikesville. Nurses were still needed, of course, but luckily for me, they no longer needed to be such hardy pioneers.

Pikesville was growing into a big town—over 9,000 people by 1940. And our Christian Service society branched into five circles, with a membership of two-hundred-and-fifty. The pioneers in social service who had been so few in the middle twenties had the aid now of many pairs of helping hands—the hands of organized, dedicated women.

I took an active part in our Society's work from the first, of course—it was a naural adjunct to my profession.

And life was not all work, either—in these later years. Floyd and Freddie and I always found time to enjoy life together, to hike and cook out of doors, and fish and hunt.

I play an accordian a little, and we all like to sing.

Pictures of these happy times are very important in the scrapbook in which I have kept a record of my life in Kentucky. They are even more precious because of their proximity to the others: the blanket-wrapped figure of a sick woman on my old Joe boat coming up the Big Sandy river (a doctor and I had gone out to find her twenty-four hours before, he had performed a major operation, for which I had sterilized linens and instruments over a coal stove, with the patient made comfortable on a dining room table) pictures of babies, starving when we got help to them, happy and fat after a few months of loving care in our hospital; a little burned girl—twenty-two of our nurses gave their own skin to save her life; classes of unschooled mountain women whom I had taught home hygiene.

The old pictures give meaning to the new ones: my son Freddie, with his saxophone, posing with the Pikesville High School band. The morning of the contest broadcast, I had a wire from those band boys: "We're a rootin' and a tootin' for you to win." Freddie didn't send it—for he was in Hollywood with me, realizing a burning ambition of his own.

And there's another recent picture: my friends in the Christian Service Society on last December 27 when they gave me a send-off party. There was a big cake, with a silver crown—they said even then that they were sure I would win.

And I'm glad I won—for the Society, for Freddie, and my husband, who has been so tolerant of my complicated life all these years; for all the people I've known who were hungry and sick and ignorant, and who were fed, and healed and taught.

And I'm glad I won, too, for all the nurses everywhere—the ones who never resist another's call for aid and who put aside their private lives to spend long, watchful hours guiding their patients back to health.

But especially, I'm glad for women—all women, who are just beginning to realize how powerful a force they can be in making common Christian fellowship the driving power in a too-long-divided world.

It may not be a Woman's World, quite yet.

But somehow I think it wouldn't be a disaster if a Woman's World was what this poor battered old globe turned out to be.

is Your Man
Cold to You?
(SEE PAGE 85)
Paid Notice

So Pretty and So Good

(*Continued from page* 48)

FILLING:
Wash and hull: 1 qt. strawberries.
Mash 3 cups of the strawberries, add sugar. Slice remaining strawberries in half.
Mix:
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
Let stand 5 minutes.
Add: ½ cup boiling water
Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Place bowl in ice water. Stir frequently until thickened and syrupy. Add:
1½ cups heavy cream
1 tablespoon rum extract
3 tablespoons sugar
Whip until thick. Combine 1 cup of the cream mixture with mashed strawberries. Fill shell. Top with whipped cream and sliced strawberries. Melt over low heat, stirring constantly:
¼ cup currant jelly
Pour on strawberries. Chill until firm. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

STRAWBERRIES SUPREME

Makes 6 servings
Wash, hull and cut in half:
1 qt. strawberries
Add:
2 tablespoons rum
4 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
Chill about ½ hour.
Beat until stiff but not dry:
2 egg whites
Add gradually, beating well.
4 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
Fold into mixture. Serve in sherbet glasses. Top with whipped cream.

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Makes 6 servings.
Sift then measure:
2 cups flour
Sift again into a bowl with:
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
Make a well in the center.
Pour into the well:
½ cup milk
½ cup butter, melted
Stir until smooth. Turn onto floured board, pat down with the hands to ½" thick. Cut with 3" biscuit cutter. Place on a baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 20 min. Split in half.
Wash and hull:
1 qt. strawberries
Mash 2 cups of the berries. Sprinkle with sugar. Let stand 15 minutes.
Slice remaining berries in half. Sprinkle with sugar. Let stand 15 minutes. Place mashed strawberries on one half of shortcake. Cover with remaining half of shortcake. Top with sliced berries. Garnish with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

Makes 1-9" pie.
Bake and cool:
1-9" pie shell
Wash, hull and slice:
2 cups strawberries
Add:
¾ cup sugar
Let stand ½ hour. Drain ½ cup juice from berries.
Mix:
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
Boil strawberry juice. Add the gelatine and stir. Add strawberries. Chill until almost firm.
Whip until thick:
½ cup heavy cream
Fold into gelatine mixture.
Beat until stiff but not dry:
3 egg whites
Fold into gelatine mixture. Pour into pie shell. Chill until firm.

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Try on a pair of Grace Walkers in the pattern of your choice... and look into the fitting room mirror. Was smart style ever more cleverly combined with sure comfort? What welcome proof that comfortable fit and high fashion need not mean high price! See Grace Walkers at your favorite store or write us for nearest dealer's name.

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Only once in a blue moon does a product come along that has so much to say for itself as *Tampax*. This doctor-invented, internally-worn form of monthly protection for women has risen rapidly to a position of prominence in its field. Millions of women have adopted it. Actually *billions* of Tampax have been sold!

The compactness of Tampax enables you to carry a full month's average supply in your purse. And when disposal time comes you will appreciate this lack of bulkiness even more.

The internal use of Tampax eliminates pins, belts and external pads, as well as odor and chafing. Also no bulges or wrinkles can "show through" clothing —and you can wear Tampax in tub or shower or in swimming.

The construction of Tampax is scientific and efficient. Pure surgical cotton is used, firmly stitched. Patented applicators assure easy insertion.... Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy package lasts 4 months (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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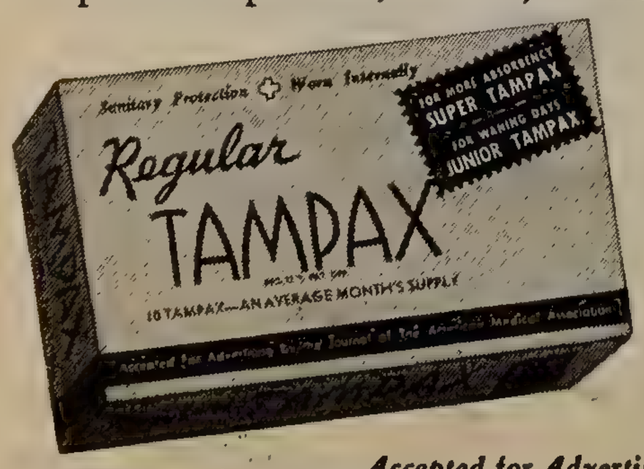

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Comedians Are the Best Husbands

(*Continued from page* 41)

heads gloomily and one of them says, "That's very, very funny."

Actually, in the last ten years we've been married I don't think I've seen George smile enough to show his teeth except when he says "Amm-i-dent" on our radio show over CBS on Wednesday evenings.

I do a lot of heavy reading (those psychology books weigh about five pounds) and I notice that domestic relations experts say the lack of a sense of humor causes nearly as many divorces as marriage does. Even though George may not have the best sense of humor in the world, I have never thought of divorcing him. He tries to make up for it by laughing when I am talking about serious things like business, and economy, and the way my family always did things.

Of course, other people seem to think George has a very good sense of humor and he's always the life of the party. He has a phenomenal memory, especially for songs. He knows songs that are so old they go back as far as his voice does. One of his favorite party tricks is to sing the opening verse of some old popular song and see if anybody can guess the title. Even though most of our friends are people in show business, they seldom recognize an old song from the verse; once he gets to the chorus and it turns out to be some famous number like "Some of These Days" or "Only a Bird In a Gilded Cage" they remember the title . . . and if he sings it over several times some of them even remember the melody.

Another thing that causes marital trouble, according to the experts who add up the statistics showing how far things would reach if they were laid end to end, is parental disagreement over the proper way to bring up children. On this score George is a wonderful help because he was once a child himself and so were all the kids in his family.

Ronnie, our fourteen-year-old, is going through that stage when a boy's neck and ears are allergic to a washcloth—especially one tainted by soap. However, George knows exactly how to handle Ronnie and gets him to the table looking very clean. I'm not saying George uses threats, but once I heard him tell Ronnie that if he didn't wash his neck and ears they'd have a real estate man come over and subdivide them.

Sandra, our fifteen-year-old daughter, is amazing for a teen-ager because she regards her parents as human beings instead of people for whom she has to apologize. Also, she is obedient, which can be a great comfort. And you should see how crazy Sandra's friends are about George. When you watch them, gathered around him in the swimming pool, you realize that children and comedians have something in common. The kids certainly keep George's heart young and it's a good thing, too. This natural bond between children and comedians applies to our friends, too. Bob Hope, for instance, has four youngsters. Harpo Marx has four. The Jack Bennys have a daughter. George Jessel is devoted to his Jerilyn. Although Bing Crosby is a singer he certainly has the comedian's approach to life . . . and four sons.

Comedians make wonderful husbands on another count: they are adaptive souls, nice to have around the house; around a house which, I hasten to add, they regard as a sort of giant lounging jacket to be worn, as is, indefinitely.

We have lived in our present home for many years. When we moved in, the decorating vogue favored pale carpets, light walls, monotone drapes, and a general air of melancholy elegance. As years went by, I began to use DDT against suspected ghosts. I said to George, "This room seems cold to me; I don't think it likes me any more. I think we would have more fun if our household colors were cosier."

George withdrew his mouth from his cigar and his I.Q. from a serious study of Joe Miller, and regarded the room. After a long pause, he delivered his opinion, "Nice, exactly as it is. Like it. Let's leave it be."

I postponed action for several months. Finally I couldn't stand it another minute. I had the walls painted Williamsburg green. I had the louvre doors, which had been installed originally on either side of the fireplace to separate the den from the living room, taken out entirely. I ordered big, square, roomy lounges—upholstered in dark green—and I selected new draperies of a vivid floral pattern splashed on creme faille.

George went serenely through the redecorating uproar without a single observation, funny or straight. In the midst of the chaos a group of our

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TUNE IN

"My True Story"

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friends dropped in to spend an evening.

George explained, "Sorry to have you find us emerging from the debris, but we're redecorating. I decided to have those old doors removed so that we could use these two rooms as one unit when we entertain. I was sick of those pale walls—always preferred dark green, so I'm having the color changed. Going to match the new lounges to the wall color . . ." and many more and-so-forths.

It was obvious, from his conversation, that the entire change was my husband's idea. Adaptive, as I said, George is.

Not only are comedians like George adaptive, they are inventive, too. They *have* to create something tangible, I suppose, because laughter—their chief stock in trade—is as temporary as a hot popsicle.

Not long ago George decided that our swimming pool needed a professional diving platform. Now he *could* have ordered a commercial platform for a reasonable fee merely by dialing a telephone and stating his need to an experienced swimming pool and diving tower company. However, this action struck him as being dull—on this particular day he was feeling uncommonly adventurous.

He decided to design a diving platform such as had never before been designed.

For weeks, during George's rare and precious leisure hours, he sketched and he computed. Einstein should work so hard.

Eventually he found an answer. He ordered a load of brick and a barrel of mortar and set to work. Our neighbors watched us through cautiously drawn blinds, obviously torn between the hope that George had formed an attachment for bread baked in a Dutch oven and the suspicion that one of our enemies was about to disappear. As far as George was concerned, he was building Beverly Hills' answer to India's Taj Mahal.

One of our dinner guests, shortly after this masterpiece was completed, was a young architect. George rushed him out to our pool and gestured. "Well, what do you think of it?"

Our architect friend regarded the huge stack of bricks with caution. "What is it?"

George bristled. "A diving tower, of course. I designed it myself and built it with my own hands. Pretty expensive, and it took a long time to construct, but we have something unique."

The architect rocked on his heels and whistled. "I'll say you have. And unless you have it torn down right away, someone is going to break his neck on it. Your beautiful bricks, my friend, are as slick as an oiled seal."

Poor George. No man is as sad as a comedian when a comedian is sad. The sight of George's dejected hauling, lifting and breaking, as he dismantled his Gibraltar was truly heartrending.

However, there is nothing as funny as a funny man telling about his own mistakes, mishaps and come-uppances. George's diving tower story has provided more laughs than he collected bruises while putting up and tearing down Burns' folly. There is an important point in this fact. It seems to me

NOTICE

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that a true comedian is a person who is always the fall guy in his own stories.

Like all true comedians, however, George dislikes practical jokes.

As far as I know there has been but one practical joke played on our program, and that was on George. At the last minute, George was handed a phony script. Halfway through the first sentence he realized that something had gone wrong . . . he was trying to read a soap opera. At this point the orchestra interrupted as everyone went into hysterics.

I didn't enjoy it. I don't think anyone really enjoyed it. George's misery was too sincere to be funny.

In our family there are no practical jokes.

George, himself, is the soul of thoughtfulness. Like all true comedians, he is accustomed to thinking of himself in the other person's place. Because I am the sort of person who requires much more sleep than George does, he gets up first in the morning. He slips out of our room so noiselessly that I never hear him. He cautions everyone in the house to maintain as much quiet as possible until I awaken.

When George and I discuss business problems, I am inclined to lose my temper over anything which I can interpret as a slight. I remember that when we were touring in vaudeville I used to study the bill, decide that we had not been given the spot to which we were entitled, and announce to George that I was going to make a fuss.

"Now, just a minute," George would say. "I want to think this over."

He would "think" out loud. He would say, "If I were the manager of this theater, I would want to start the show with a visual act—with acrobats or an animal act. That's what he has done. He couldn't use these acrobats anywhere else, so that's right. Now, if I were the manager . . ." and he would analyze the bill. In every case that I remember, George would—after consideration—agree with the manager's placing of our act on the bill. And by the time George stopped for breath, I was ready to agree with him.

A true comedian makes a good husband because he is generous; generous in the money sense, and generous with his talent. George is so generous that our business manager has finally clamped a lid on both of us. Even our piggy banks are now fitted with Yale locks. (George has recently taken up lock picking because he has thought up a marvelous birthday present for a friend of his.)

George will never forget that he earned his first money by organizing "The Peewee Quartette" and singing in backyards and on street corners for pennies. He knows the value of a dollar, but he also knows how little a dollar can sometimes buy.

Another reason comedians make the best husbands is that the wife of one always knows where her husband is. He is with another comedian or three. Comedians are the world's greatest birds of a feather when it comes to flocking together.

Here in Los Angeles they love to congregate at The Friars Club, or at The Hillcrest Country Club. They sit around a large table (especially at the golf club) and yarn by the hour.

When George gets home he is impelled by his innate showmanship to tell me every story that has been swapped, and to duplicate every quip. All comedians are like this: they have to pass on their laughs. In this way a wife is kept closely informed of her husband's activities and the identity of his associates.

Perhaps a comedian makes a wonderful husband because he *must* be a man who is sensitive to every beat of the heart of mass humanity. To make people laugh, he must know what people think, what they feel, what they want out of life . . . and what makes them cry. He must love people and be identified with them.

So the wife of a comedian learns that her man is good company, he is generous, thoughtful and understanding; he is kindly, popular with children from one to one hundred, and entirely lovable. Like my George.

Oh, George—are you there? Will you please bring me my hanky from the dresser? I've been writing a story about you, and I'm crying because you're so funny!

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For an exciting dramatization of an actual crime case . . . for details about the weekly offer of $1000.00 . . . tune in

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday Afternoon on Your Mutual Station

Busy Bill

(*Continued from page 57*)

actually depressed and ulcer-plagued, or masters of ceremonies who secretly hate everybody when off the air. Bill is the same off mike or on, with a sponsor at the Stork Club, or at home over a chicken sandwich with me. Genuinely interested in people, genuinely modest about his ability. A marvelous kind of a man to marry—except that marrying Bill meant marrying a houseful of problems. Marrying a helter-skelter schedule with no vacations, no regular hours, and more than an even chance that in spite of Bill's best intentions, I'd be a neglected wife. How did I get around that? Suppose I tell you a little more about Bill first . . .

After spending the first sixteen years of his life in West Virginia, a pleasant childhood as the oldest of the five Slater children, Bill had one modest ambition. He wanted to be a general. World War I was over, but the illusions of war and the reflection of military glories were still in Bill's eyes. So, six foot one inch and two hundred and twenty-eight pounds of manly determination, he entered West Point. The youngest in his class, (just sixteen), tow-headed, with a round, happy face, he was immediately dubbed "Babe."

It was there at the Point that Bill first learned to fence, box, wrestle and even squeeze into the regulation gunmetal dancing pumps with bows.

"The Army was making officers and gentlemen of us all," he recalls with a grin. "I enjoyed the questionable distinction of being reported for laughing in ranks more than any other cadet. Everything struck me funny."

Bill was always one for extra-curricular activities at West Point. Recently I met one of his classmates who remarked unceremoniously, "I remember Bill, always with his mouth open, convincing somebody of something. I guess you'd call him the class spokesman. What a gift for battin' the breeze!"

Bill graduated from the Point and returned to West Virginia, where his father had been taken desperately ill. In his home town Bill taught math and dramatics and coached a football team. Because there was no one else to do the job, Bill became a lay preacher for outlying communities. It was a time of great need for Bill to renew and restore his own faith. Then, at the end of that sad year, Bill's father died.

Opportunity doesn't always knock at the most appropriate moment, but when Bill was offered the position of commandant at the Greenbriar Military School, his mother urged him to take it. By this time, he was twenty-two.

Bill might have remained an educator to this day if he hadn't had a particularly admiring math student in his next position in a school in Minneapolis. This youngster told his father (a CBS vice-president), that "he had a teacher who could talk better than anybody." This was a rather large order, but the father respected his son's judgment. So in the days of the football double-header, when radio was still a squalling infant, Bill was offered a chance to announce the University of Minnesota football games. He jumped at it! This, he was sure, would be a cinch. He knew football so well, having coached it and played it himself. All he had to do was talk—and the admission was free.

All he had to do was talk . . . For

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six and one-half solid hours, (there were two games; a double-header, remember) Bill hung onto that microphone and *talked.* First with confidence and assurance, then a little tired, a little tense, then with cracking voice and straining eyesight, and finally in some cross between a cackle and a whisper, barely managing to fill the airwaves with sound. There wasn't a soul to relieve him during the entire six and one-half hours. His benefactor apparently believed that throwing a man into the water was the best way of teaching him to swim. Junior was elated too. Mr. Slater wasn't able to teach math, or even say a word, for the next three days.

He didn't realize it then, but that Saturday afternoon marked a turning point in his life. He went on with his job as head of the Math Department in Minneapolis and eventually became headmaster of a private prep school in Brooklyn, New York, but William E. Slater, the educator, was becoming a shadow and Bill Slater, sportscaster and announcer was slipping into his place. In those days, he would do free lance radio jobs and juggle his time between the two divergent careers. One had to be left behind, but to this day, William E. Slater still tours the country—when he has a chance—to lecture on "The Bankruptcy of American Education" or "Adolescence, Betwixt and Between." That's a side of his versatile personality that some people don't know.

When you tune in on Luncheon at Sardi's, Twenty Questions, Sports For All, or any of the many other shows Bill is on, it's hard to believe that he is as relaxed and easy going as he sounds. Believe me, he is.

Come around to my apartment some afternoon and see me swamped under mail, telephone calls and my notes on the research for Twenty Questions. If I look a little bleary-eyed—I am. You see, the answer to my problem of being a radio widow was to jump, head first, smack into the middle of Bill's career. I monitor all his shows, answer all of the mail I can, handle his social and business engagements, clear his publicity, tackle the details of his business contracts, see that he eats well and regularly, and generally smooth over every minute of his working day. I married a full time job and I love it!

I never miss a show of Bill's. If he is on the radio, I tune in and make notes on the entire performance. I watch all the television, too, at home, so that I see him the way the audience sees him. His best friend and severest critic, I put him on an exercise regime a few months ago because television added twenty pounds to his appearance. The friends who had protested that he looked perfectly all right as he was were the first to admit that he seemed years younger as the pounds melted.

Since Bill knows that I never miss a broadcast or a telecast, he will, occasionally pull a private practical joke. On his Sports For All show on television a few weeks ago, Bill opened with a live, eight-foot Indigo snake coiled around his neck. If Bill seemed to be grinning a bit too broadly for a man with a snake so close to his throat, it was only because he was thinking of me, ready to faint at home in front of our television set.

Home to us is an apartment in Manhattan. It's spacious and comfortable, but designed for practical living. My living room is a pretty, soothing place with dove grey walls and carpeting, lime green sofas and lemon yellow accessories. There's a television den for Bill, with a place for his books and built-in storage for his clothes. There's a terrace outside with lacy white lawn furniture and a "city garden" of geraniums and ivy. We can almost see the river from our windows and barely hear those famous city noises.

But the best feature of all is that Bill can walk to any New York radio studio from the apartment. He gets eight hours sleep a night without rushing to catch a commuter's train in the early, grim winter mornings. I'm proud that Bill loves the apartment so well that he comes home to read or nap between broadcasts, instead of falling into the wasteful practice of killing time in studio lounges or local restaurants.

Being city dwellers of necessity, we try to get the most out of this exciting town we live in. Part of Bill's job on Luncheon at Sardi's is to chat with Broadway and Hollywood stars, so it is our pleasant task to see as many "first nights" as possible. I love to dress for these evenings. As a New York shopper, living a few blocks away from fabulous Fifth Avenue, there's plenty of opportunity to get the most ultra creations of the New York and Parisian seasons, hot off the sewing machines—if I wanted that sort of thing. However, my tastes run to conservative, softly tailored dressmaker suits in pretty colors for the days, and more formal, sophisticated dresses for evenings at the theater. I pass the "creations" by. They have a bad habit of being outmoded a year after you buy them.

In the summertime, when New York is a steaming dusty oven, Bill and I stay at a country club just thirty minutes away. While we're there we swim, boat, play tennis and see all the people that we haven't time to see in the winter. Bill's schedule is lighter in the summertime and he can commute back and forth to New York. Being in radio usually means no vacations so we take ours by hook or by crook!

Last summer, our next door neighbor was Ezio Pinza, famous Metropolitan opera star, who has been such a hit in "South Pacific." I am a great admirer of his and hovered around the bathroom wall, on the other side of which was his suite. I was hoping he'd sing in the shower. After a few days I got my reward—one solid hour of gargling! Mr. Pinza was saving his voice.

Bill hardly ever saves *his* voice. He can work on the radio, chat through the afternoon with friends, and then at night—over a glass of milk and a snack in our kitchen—give me an account of the day's events. I know some married people who, when left alone with one another, stare blankly ahead with not a thing in the world to say. Not us! Sometimes we go on far past midnight until I beg, "Please Bill, let's go to bed." He will follow me in reluctantly as if there were much more on his mind. Then he'll fall asleep before his head touches the pillow, while I toss around and discover he's talked me right out of my sleepiness. The only time that Bill didn't discuss his affairs with me was during the war, when he served as a Lieutenant Colonel of the General Staff Corps. Then everything was strictly top secret.

On quiz programs Bill finds that a little preliminary chat with a nervous contestant is an absolute necessity. "Of course, everybody comfortably settled in his favorite chair at home, knows all the answers right away," says Bill. "But the poor contestant up in front of an excited audience, facing millions of

unknown listeners, probably couldn't think of his own phone number right off the bat. A little conversation helps ease the tension."

I know just how those contestants feel myself. A few years ago, when anyone who was married was contemplating doing a husband-and-wife radio show, we were approached to try one ourselves. One look at a microphone and I lose my voice. We did try a few television shows together when television was young enough to be forgiven for anything. Even though I only had to hand Bill some props and exchange a few pleasantries with him, I managed to drop the props and blank out completely on my lines. Then and there, I knew that I'd been right all along. One performer in the family is enough.

Everyone raves about the way the Vanderventers and Herb Polesie manage to guess those tricky subjects on the Twenty Questions program. So that Bill, as quizmaster, will never steer them wrong on a difficult or technical answer, I spend almost fifteen hours a week in the library doing research for him on the selected topics. Then on Saturday evening before the show, I ask Bill every question they could possibly throw at him to be sure he will give perfect answers and not mislead them. On the final program, the pages of research I have accumulated have been boiled down to six or seven little index cards with all the information on them. Even with all that preliminary work, a topic can still throw me. Starting with the information "animal" the panel has to guess subjects as exotic as "Robert Taylor's Widow's Peak." Try to do research on *that* in your public library!

When the fall rolls around and the air is crisp, Bill's eyes take on a special gleam. Why? It's football time of course! Together we go to the Yale and Princeton games—Bill, snug and sheltered in the press box, doing the sportscasting, and me exposed to the elements in the grandstands. (No ladies are ever allowed in the press box.) One of my pre-game tasks is to help Bill memorize the names, numbers and records of the various players. Inevitably I get to know most of them by heart. Last fall on a particularly sleety day, when anyone with any sense had left the stadium, I sat shivering next to an elderly dignified gentleman. Unconsciously, throughout the game I had been yelling things like, "Come on 22, come on Gregorski," or "Here comes Stanckton, what a record he made last year!" After watching me discreetly for a while, the gentleman turned to me and said in a voice full of respect, "Madam, tell me, are you scouting this team?"

Most of Bill's regular listeners have caught his repeated references to "My wife, Marion . . ." and sense how close a partnership this is. Now that television has made his face as familiar to TV set owners as his voice has been in all parts of the country, we are often spotted together in restaurants or on the street.

"Hey," I've heard people comment frequently as we pass by, "There goes Bill Slater! And that must be 'my wife, Marion'." I have to smile a little whenever I hear it. No title—not "Queen of England," or "Miss America"—could give me half as much as the joy and satisfaction I get from being, "My wife, Marion," to a man who is as wonderful as my husband, Bill Slater.

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A Secret from Elizabeth

(*Continued from page* 67)

sat down. "Oh, no, this is fine. Most elegant." She ran her finger thoughtfully along the dust-covered desktop, looked at it, and shook her head. "I must remember not to do that. It's a household drudge habit. You know, Mr. Winship," she added a little shyly, "if you really aren't busy right this minute . . . and as long as I'm here . . . would it be very unbusinesslike if I asked you to sort of outline my duties for me? I'm afraid I don't know anything about law offices."

"Not at all," I said. "Since we never interviewed one another, so to speak—as Patsy and I did—you couldn't be expected to know what the work will consist of. As a matter of fact, I'm not entirely certain myself! Three Rivers is still rather a closed book to me. But I'm quite certain that I can coach you as things come up. I don't anticipate any large, complex deals for some time."

"No. It's not a dynamic town, this," Elizabeth said. "It's peaceful and slow. But it has its advantages . . . particularly for children, I should think."

"Yes. So I am hoping. And of course it's they who are important right now."

I felt, as we talked that first day, that there was much more Elizabeth would have liked to say—more about the children, perhaps, or about my own adjustment to life in Three Rivers. Even then I couldn't miss realizing that the outstanding factor in her personality, the thing that gave it so much warmth, was her desire, and her ability, to help. I suppose her first reaction to any troubled situation is always, "What can I do?"

Fortunately for me, she was too sensitive and well-brought-up to probe. But as the days went by I began to suspect that in her own way Elizabeth was finding out a great deal about Sam Winship. I had no quarrel with her work—everything she did was done neatly, intelligently and quickly—but it was really surprising how much of the day seemed to be left for just . . . conversation. *But for that matter,* I reminded myself honestly, *I'm finding out a great deal about Elizabeth too.* And she was quite different from anyone I'd ever known—different as her father was different. The profound love they brought to their family relationships, the unquestioning loyalty and devotion to one another, were a little startling when most of the rest of the world is cynically prepared that sooner or later a bit of evil-doing may crop up anywhere, even among those they love. It was refreshing, too. I found I liked talking to Elizabeth Dennis.

Sometimes I wondered about her social life. I knew there wasn't much. According to Patsy, half the town called on Althea the radiant one. Even Patsy herself had her admirer—one Otis J. Hopkins, six feet tall and an ardent "double-dome," to use Grayling's disrespectful term. But the young men weren't drawn to Elizabeth, it seemed. Or perhaps there weren't any young men around.

And yet it was astonishing how lovely she was. Not like Althea. Few girls are like Althea. *She* was like a man-eating orchid who had wandered into a country garden and couldn't wait to get out again. Elizabeth had a beauty that came and went, and kept you watching for it. It was partly the delicate profile of which I had such a good view from my desk, partly the fluid play of expression across her eyes and lips. I'm no judge of beauty. I only know that as I grew to know her better I was increasingly amazed that real life—marriage and home and babies—seemed to be passing her by. But try as I would, I could never find out that she minded. She had her father, her sisters and Grayling—her brood—and her job with me, which she seemed to believe were as much in life as any girl could want . . .

That was a happy summer on the whole . . . far happier than anything I'd expected. I couldn't claim to be the busiest lawyer in the world, but there was enough to go on with—and somehow it wasn't important at the moment how much money I had in the bank. I guess Three Rivers and the Dennises between them were unkinking my nerves, and once I learned to go along with their easy rhythm the picture of myself as a country lawyer settled gently into place. I had my chess games with Reverend Dennis, and my arguments with his daughter . . . once in a while I stole a day and went picnicking with Patsy, Babby and the kids.

There was a mutual admiration society if ever I saw one! It had been love at first sight, with Lulu, after a silent inspection, marching up to Patsy and, saying, "*This* one! I want *her.*"

Toby had said amiably, from his seven-year-old height of maturity, "Okay.

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I'll take this one," and had given his hand to Babby. Lulu, of course, had at once flung herself at Babby, yelling "I want her *too!*" She used to do that a lot, at the beginning of the summer. She wanted whatever she saw, and wanted more of whatever it was than Toby had. It worried me.

But it didn't take long for Patsy to get the situation well in hand. It was fortunate that she came to us during vacation and had no homework to do, for Elizabeth reported that Patsy had armed herself with a small library of child psychology books and often lay reading them until after midnight, the better to handle the young Winships next day! Whatever she did, it was right, and I blessed her for it. Toby and Lulu were as busy and happy as chicks. My chief worry as September came on was that Patsy would have to return to school. Still, I told myself, Toby would be going to school himself in the fall. Maybe there was a pre-kindergarten group I could get Lulu into . . .

And then, with heart-stopping suddenness, I had something else to worry about. The worry that lurks behind every parent's cheerful, composed exterior—the threat of illness . . .

All evening, Lulu had been cranky. She kept putting her hand over her stomach and saying, "I feel funny *here.*" But I decided she was bored with her cereal, and didn't pay much attention. When I took them upstairs she went to sleep almost at once; so I thought she'd simply been too sleepy to eat. I came downstairs, and read for a short time. Then I realized I was hungry, and went across the hallway toward the kitchen.

As I passed the stairs, I heard it . . . a low, mewing sound, like something a strengthless kitten might utter. It came again, and again. I ran up the stairs and into the children's room.

In the dim light from the hall I saw that Toby's bed was quiet and flat. But Lulu . . . as I hesitated, the sound came again. Swiftly I went to her and bent over. She was sitting upright in a corner of the bed against the wall, as though trying to get as far away from herself as possible. She had been sick.

"Darling, what is it?" I muttered. I carried her into the bathroom and began to clean her up. She seemed only half awake, but she kept making those little moans and holding her stomach.

I put fresh pajamas on her, and carried her into my bedroom. As I was putting the blanket over her she came fully awake for the first time, and struggled upright, clutching my hand. "Daddy, it hurts here! It hurts, it's pointy!" *Pointy*—the word for pens, for knives, for all sharp things. *A sharp pain, then.* I smoothed her hair, saying little comforting things; but when I took my hand away, it was shaking. Her forehead was on fire.

I fell apart then. A doctor . . . but I knew no doctors. And maybe it wasn't—maybe she didn't need a doctor. Calling a doctor was admitting that you were sick . . . No, Elizabeth—Elizabeth would know.

I don't know what I said or what Elizabeth answered, but when I put down the phone I knew she was coming.

I went upstairs and cleaned up Lulu's bed, thankful that Toby still slept. Almost before I'd finished the bell rang softly. Elizabeth and her father had both come. With a word to me, she went upstairs to see Lulu.

She was down again quite quickly, joining Dr. Dennis and me in the silent living room. I looked up at her with a

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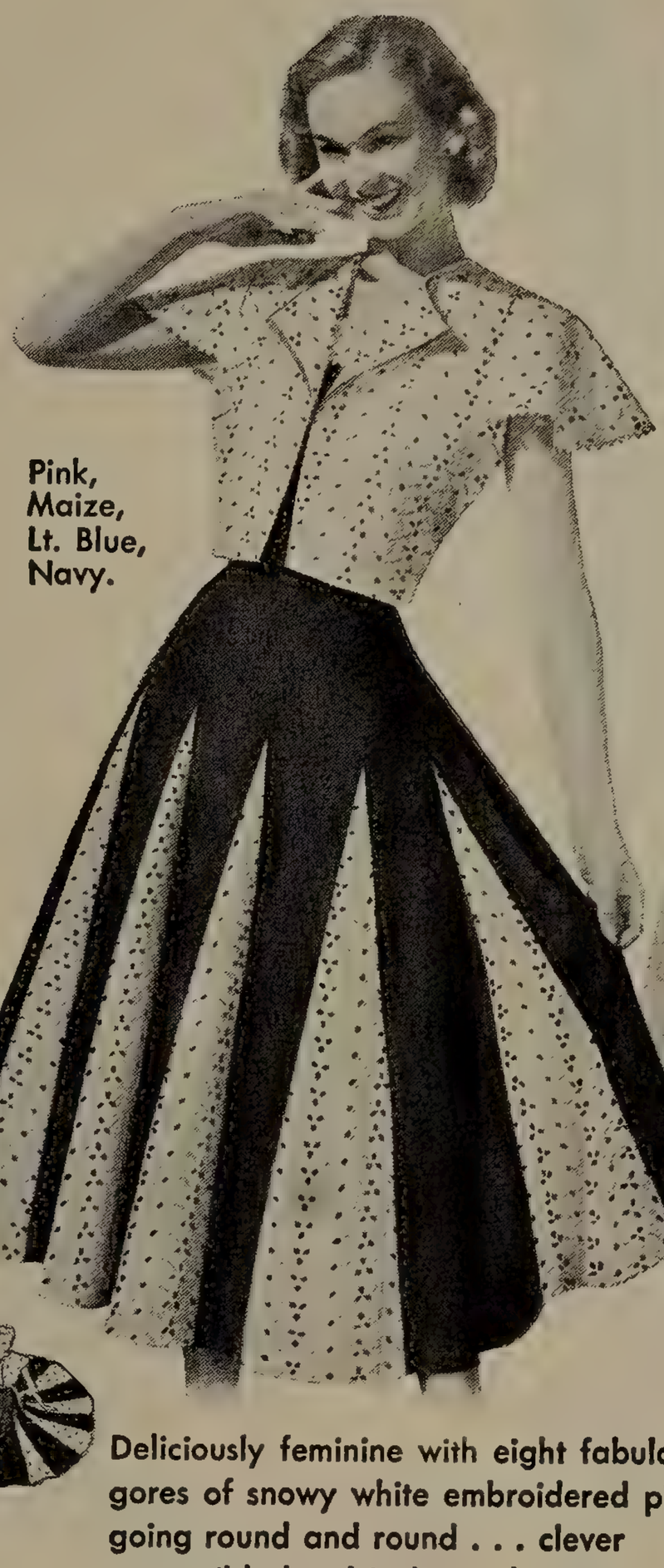

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thumping heart. She smiled, but she was grave. "She's gone back to sleep. But I'd call a doctor, Sam. And she says she hurts. It might be just a stomachache but with kids you don't go by guesswork. Whom shall we call?"

"I don't know! For all I know there isn't even a doctor in town. Don't you know one?" Tension made my voice harsh.

Dr. Dennis said thoughtfully, "We've never had to call one since we've been in town. Liz, there's that doctor over in Rushville Center—the one Mrs. Perkins thinks so highly of."

"Oh, yes!" Elizabeth hesitated. "Stevens! Stevens, that's it!" She started for the phone, and then stopped as she got a closer look at me. "Poppa, will you look up the number, please, and call? And Sam—do you want to make sure the baby's still asleep? I'm going to make you some coffee before we have to put you to bed."

I made myself go upstairs. Lulu was sleeping, so I came down to the kitchen to see if Liz needed help. I was quite beyond protesting that she shouldn't be putting herself out. I needed coffee. I'm afraid I needed comfort, really. I got it from being with her, just then.

Elizabeth, waiting for the coffee to start perking, came over and gently touched my shoulder. "Sam, dear, you're way ahead of things. Don't you know kids can run temperatures for absolutely no reason at all. Any doctor will tell you it's so."

I didn't answer. I didn't have to; she knew as well as I that it wasn't only the fever. There was that pain . . .

Dr. Dennis appeared in the kitchen doorway. "Got him. He's unfortunately going to be delayed. He said there was a call he must make. But he'll be as quick as he can."

"Fine," Elizabeth said. "Here, Poppa, sit down. We'll all have some coffee while we're waiting." Before she sat down, however, she went upstairs, and when she came down she said that Lulu had fallen asleep. At least, I thought, the poor little thing won't be in pain until the doctor comes.

It was hours before he came. Lulu, thank heaven, slept; but it was agony for me until I heard the doorbell ring that meant Stevens had arrived. He was a calm, sturdy man with bright, kind eyes in a brown face. Wasting few words on us, he went directly upstairs with his ominous little bag. He washed his hands, and then Elizabeth and I went with him into my bedroom where I'd put Lulu.

His manner with her was reassuring. He woke her gently, and managed his examination so deftly that I think she scarcely realized something unusual was going on. Then he mixed her something, got her to drink it without fuss, and motioned to us to go out. I think I was shivering a little as we stood waiting for him to come down after us.

He came down lightly, dropped his bag in the hall and came into the living room, where Elizabeth had just placed a fresh pot of coffee, with four cups.

"What's this?" he asked. "Coffee? Wonderful. When you get to me make it black with two spoons of sugar."

In silence, Elizabeth handed round the cups, and we waited for the doctor to say something. I suppose it couldn't have been more than a minute and a half, but by the time he did open his mouth I was ready to snap at him.

"Well!" he said quietly. "You're anxious, and I don't blame you. Let me say first it's not appendicitis. No reason to think so. I can find nothing that isn't in line with plain old-fashioned upset stomach. In short—there's nothing to worry about." My cup rattled loudly against its saucer as I tried to lower it to the table. *Nothing to worry about.* Whatever it was that had been squeezing my heart let go, and the blood began to go round inside me once more.

Dr. Stevens looked at me understandingly, and went on, "But mistakes can happen, and with a child of this age—five? yes—who can be explicit about where and how she hurts, I prefer to be very careful. The fever—that might mean nothing. On the other hand, in conjunction with the ache or pain," he shook his head. "I want to keep my eye on it for a few days, Mr. Winship. Chances are tomorrow, or next day, she'll be fine. But there's a slim chance there may be a slight complication up there in the stomach. If so, I'll want to get her into my hospital, where I can keep her under observation." He finished his coffee and stood up. "One thing I can tell you, though. Whatever it is, we can fix it. The little girl looks a lot sicker than she is."

While Elizabeth showed Dr. Stevens out, Reverend Dennis sat with me in companionable silence. Finally I met his eyes, and smiled. "Well," I said. "Quite a night."

He leaned forward, scrutinized me, and nodded. "Yes indeed, as you say. I see that the doctor's words have eased your mind. You no longer have the appearance of a tallow candle. That's good. I think, now, I'll go along home."

"Yes, you go ahead, Poppa." Eliza-

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beth said. "I'll just stay to tidy up."

"Yes, my dear," Dr. Dennis said obediently. With a warm "Good night, my friend," he went out.

Reaction had set in with me, and in spite of the late hour I felt wide awake. Liz glanced up and smiled at me. "Feel better?"

"I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself. I wasn't prepared for anything like this happening, I guess."

"You have to be prepared with children."

"Yes. Horrible, in a way, how you can suffer through them. You can learn to bear your own pain and worry, but . . . it was incredible, Liz. I think it was real panic. Once I admitted to myself that she was sick I couldn't keep from imagining—"

"I know," Elizabeth said. "It happens to everyone, some time. Of course you're more than usually alert about the children, Sam. More tense. You feel more responsible to them—"

"How can I help it?" I said. "I *am* more responsible. I've got to cut myself in two, making a home for them here, making a living for them at my work." With an effort I checked myself. At least I could spare Elizabeth embarrassment of knowing how sorry I was for myself! "I can't thank you enough, Elizabeth—you and your father."

Elizabeth smiled slightly. "You know something, Sam? I'm calling you Sam—and a minute ago you called me Liz. That means we're really friends, now, and you don't thank your friends for helping out. There, that's done."

We're friends, she said . . . with so much conviction. But suddenly, with the sharp perception that was the result of overtired nerves, I saw that it wasn't true. We were *not* friends. Not as her father and I were friends. For Elizabeth was a woman, made for children, a home, and love. And I was a man, with those things to give . . .

THE very shock of the revelation kept me silent. Who knows what fool things I might have said, if I could have ordered my confused, elated thoughts and spoken to her about them? As it was, I stood woodenly by the door when she was ready to go, and gave her her hat. "That's new, isn't it," I commented, because for some reason I felt I must have something to say to mask what was going on inside me.

She laughed. "No, it's Althea's. The girls got me up 'regardless' tonight. I was supposed to go out before you called. With Byron McFee—I don't know if you've met him yet. He's a young professor at Bigby College."

It was like getting a glass of ice water in the face. The confusion of my thoughts quieted magically. There was just one phrase left to hang onto . . . young professor. A *young* professor.

Elizabeth, too, was young. It would do me no good to put that fact aside.

I haven't put it aside. Even though, so far as I know, Elizabeth is not seeing McFee or any other young man regularly, I haven't forgotten that moment when she said the word *young,* and the fifteen years between us became a stone around my neck.

Sometimes I get a wry sort of amusement out of thinking that I really have a secret to keep from Elizabeth. And at other times, I wonder. She sits there in the living room, darning or reading, while her father and I stare grimly at our chessmen, and every now and then such a strange look comes into her face . . . that's when I wonder. Have I really kept my secret of loving her from Elizabeth?

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Imagine Mr. I!

(*Continued from page 60*)

some ten years pre-Suzie.

Paul invented Mr. I. Magination originally out of necessity. As actor, writer and director of Christadora's plays he had little money for royalties and almost none for settings and props. Therefore, Mr. I. was born. When the play called for a boy to appear swimming in a pond, the scene was accomplished effectively by Mr. I. placing the boy on a pine table and letting him go through the motions. The youngsters loved it then—and they're still loving it. In fact, long before Mr. I. appeared on TV he was the central character in a record album called Billy on a Bike. Paul wrote the story, and our good friend Ray Carter did the music and Vaughn Monroe tells the story which is about Mr. I. Magination taking a little boy all around the world —on a bike of all things!

But Paul's career hasn't been entirely limited to Mr. I. and his adventures —although, I must say that's played a big part in our lives. Paul started as an actor and the going was rough. Even though he was the protege of Beatrice Cameron Mansfield (widow of the great dramatic actor Richard Mansfield) it took a good many years of acting and directing in stock before he reached Broadway. Walter Hampden gave him one of his first jobs and later he played for the Theatre Guild.

It wasn't until 1946 while Paul was directing his first Broadway play, "Seeds in the Wind," (with a cast of sixteen children) that Mr. I. Magination popped back into our lives. Suddenly a call came for an immediate audition of a television show for children, so Paul and Ray Carter whipped up a script with music and lyrics, drawing on material they had used for Billy on a Bike (namely, Mr. I.)—and bingo —a television show was born.

Next came the long drawn-out task of auditioning the show. Paul and I even made miniature sets to show prospective buyers how the show would look. We had to use some pictures from Suzie's story books, a dreadful thing to do after teaching her that books should never, never be defaced. But she forgave us when we explained what we were making. Finally, after Paul had acted and sung his way through thirty-five auditions, Tony Miner, program director of CBS-TV, said yes to us. Mr. Miner, incidentally, had given Paul one of his first Broadway jobs some ten years before.

If it hadn't been for Tubby the Tuba, the first of Paul's record albums, we never could have lived through those weeks of auditions. In order to be on tap for the auditions we had to turn down other jobs and the only income we could be sure of were the royalties on Tubby's record sales, so it was rough going for a long time. Somehow we stuck it out, thanks to Tubby.

In a way, Tubby is bound up with our love story, Paul's and mine. At sixteen I had met Paul. I was a budding young actress and we met in the theater. We used to have Dutch-treat coffee-and-donut dates, and I guess I looked up to him because he was nine years older than I and seemed to be doing so many wonderfully creative things. But I was only a kid with braces on my teeth at that time, and it wasn't until the war came and he was involved with the Army and I was involved in the Stage Door Canteen that we began to take each other seriously.

Meantime, he had written the first draft of Tubby the Tuba, and had asked for a furlough to talk to George Kleinsinger about the music. "You're in the Army now," his commanding officer told him. "Forget your other jobs." Paul finally got to a colonel who said, "I don't care a continental about your career, but if you stand to lose much money by this, you can have some time off to take care of it."

It was on one of those furloughs that he took me out for an evening, and we talked so late it was early morning before he could get a train to Long Island, where he was sleeping at the Carters'. Ray heard him come in and got up. "What could you two have talked about until such an hour?" he teased. "Oh, marriage," Paul told him, meaning only that we had been talking about the subject quite objectively during the evening—or so we thought!

Anyhow, Ray jumped to conclusions and woke up his wife. "Paul and Ruth are going to get married," he told her.

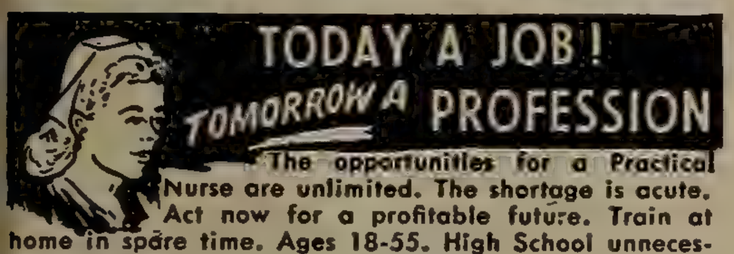
The next morning before Paul went back to camp, he called me up and proposed. "I'll send you a proper formal porposal in writing," he promised, but I didn't wait for it. I said yes then and there. We were married three months later, on his next furlough.

When he went overseas I knew I was going to have Suzie, having found it out the day after he left. The news caught up with him two months later, in India, on his birthday. The first time I held our baby was on V-J Day, with confetti streaming past my window at the hospital, and Paul's picture, in uniform, on the table. Two weeks later I was signing Paul's contracts for the publication of Tubby.

As if we didn't owe the little fellow enough for the overnight success of the records, Tubby even opened the way for me to get on the troop transport that brought Paul home. It was a risky venture but I wanted to surprise him with a sort of spectacular welcome!

During Paul's absence I had given up the theater and taken a job on the New York *Daily News,* first as a copy girl and then on the radio broadcast desk. I wasn't a reporter, but I begged a press badge when I learned that my husband's boat might dock any day. After a few wild goose chases on my part, the ship finally landed in a blizzard and I was right on hand. Even with the reporter's badge pinned conspicuously on my coat, with a big safety pin just *happening* to cover the real owner's picture (and her description, 5′ 1″, brunette, for this 5′ 6″ blonde!), I was shunted from one officer to another until I finally impressed a major with my assignment for a story on a certain sergeant who had written a musical thing that had turned into a huge hit during his absence. "It's about a tuba," I told him, "and I think the GI's name is Tripp."

When they called Sgt. Tripp over the loudspeaker, I knew I had to get out of the tiny office fast and begin to act like a reporter, so I began to talk to some GI's out in the corridor. Just as I expected, Paul came running, spied me, yelled "Hi honey," and grabbed me tight. "It's all right, fellows," he began. "She's my wife." I whispered, "I'm not me, I'm someone else," and



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pointed to the badge. He got the idea, and for the next hour we scribbled "I love you's" shamelessly, interspersed with "How's Suzie?" . . . "She's wonderful. Wait until you see her," and similar messages, getting very business-like about our interview every time anyone came too near us.

When the press had to leave, a couple of real "brass hats" sauntered over and so Paul and I had to say very formal good-byes. As I turned and left the ship, a high ranking medical officer purred into Paul's ear:

"She a reporter?"

"Uh huh," answered Paul.

"Pretty, isn't she?" continued the officer.

"Yep," replied Paul.

"Did you get her address?"

"Of course," said my husband . . .

When he finally got home it was Christmas Eve. He arrived in a snowstorm, lugging a big bunch of flowers and a bag full of souvenirs. Waiting for him was four-months-old Suzie, whom he had never seen, and the Tubby record, which he had never heard. He started to get out of his Army coat in the outside hall and in nothing flat he was back in civvies, with Suzie in his arms, a glass of milk at his elbow, and munching on an apple—listening happily as I played Tubby over and over again. By next day he had settled down to being the busiest civilian anywhere, continuing the column he had been writing from China for my grandfather's weekly newspaper in Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, and deep in all sorts of plans for our future.

They all led up to April 1949, the month when Mr. I. Magination took to the TV channels. I was the first member of the cast, and then Ted Tiller, an old friend of Paul's joined the company, and later Joe Silver became a permanent member, making a little stock company of four, plus a different child actor each week to play the youngster who wishes he were some famous person, and, by means of the train to Imagination Town and Paul's magic whistle, has his wish come true.

Last winter, Suzie said she wished she could be on the show, and how could Mr. I. refuse? So, as a Christmas present we let her be Queen of the New Year on the January first program.

When someone on the set asked her who was the star of the show that day, she said, "I am." We didn't exactly approve of that. But later that evening, she put her head in Paul's lap and said sweetly, "Daddy, you were really the star of the show and it was nice of you to let me be on it." We couldn't help but approve of that!

Paul explained to her that the actors always get paid, and gave her a silver dollar. She said proudly, "This is the first money I have ever earned!"

"In that case, I think you should spend it for something you want very much," Paul suggested.

But she has other plans. She's saving it, to go to Europe soon to meet the kings and queens. Mr. I. Magination's very own daughter!

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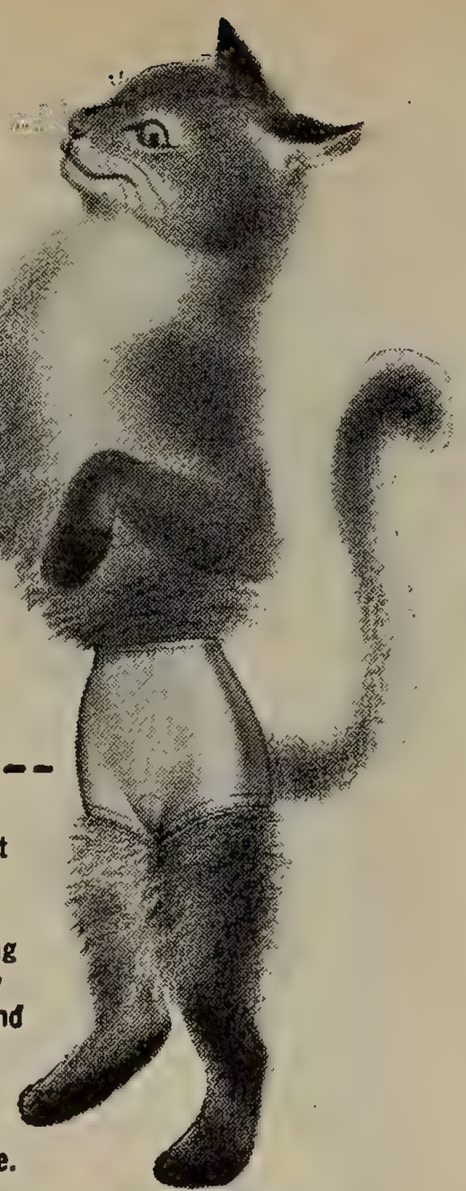

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Come and Visit the Bill Cullens

(*Continued from page 54*)

Carol's idea.

"The material is called Chinese bouelet," she said. "It's rather heavy and silken."

The green of the three walls has been carried subtly throughout the room in small pieces. And against the only white wall is the long, green sofa. Above the sofa are four good-sized Chinese prints. In front of the sofa is a round coffee table with a white baroque base and antique mirror top.

Counterpart of the coffee table is the large antique glass mirror over the fireplace. Reflecting the white ceiling and wall is the white Persian rug and and the baroque wall ornaments on either side of the fireplace which contain wall lights.

Bill painted the mantel and stone fireplace white. On the mantel, Carol placed a Chinese vase—usually filled with heather—and on either side two pieces she picked up in Montreal while singing at a night club there.

At the time of their marriage, Carol was singing on the Arthur Godfrey show, and in one of New York's best nightclubs, as Carol Ames. She confines her singing engagements to Manhattan now, because, "There's no sense in going half-way across the country from Bill if we're going to get the most out of marriage."

In the past six years Bill has become one of the most successful quizmasters in radio, but he works six days a week and his programs have never gone off the air for the summer. Five days a week, his day begins at seven and ends about six in the evening. On Saturdays he is heard on Give and Take which makes the weekend very short.

"We're home almost every night except on weekends," Bill tells you. "And about three nights a week we have friends over—to use that fireplace."

"Carol's Other Living Room" is smaller and cosier. From the doorway you face windows, fronted by a chest of drawers that Carol finished herself. On one side of the chest is a two-piece lounge chair; on the other side, a shelf unit. Against the right wall is a big sofa that converts into a double bed. Above it is a huge French Provincial mirror with a heavy, gilded frame.

Against the opposite wall stands a tall breakfront, another chair and a corner table bearing an antique brass tea kettle. A square coffee table and two end tables were among the pieces the Cullens saved from the former tenant's furniture. Carol refinished them herself in black. Bill painted the walls French gray, and they carried out the informal feeling of the room with three white shag rugs.

On the coffee table there are magazines, and usually two books with markers. A model plane that Bill has half-finished is moored to a shelf in the breakfront, flanked by a ship's clock and a periodical on aeronautics. In the corner piece are Bill's two dozen pipes, a ship's wheel and a radio.

His interest in flying goes beyond model planes. He owns and pilots a Ryan Navion, a four-seater plane that lands or takes off anywhere there is six hundred feet of cow pasture.

"The plane was another investment, made partly to get us out of town in the summer," Bill tells you.

After the Saturday broadcast he and Carol, with a couple of friends, hustle off to the airport and by late afternoon step out of the plane at Nantucket. Recently, Carol has been taking flying lessons and Bill is mastering the technique of the helicopter.

It's in the "other living room" that the Cullens study manuals and technical reports on flying, keep up with their hobbies and reading. Across the hall is their bedroom, decorated strictly to Carol's taste.

Most impressive piece is the seven-foot wide bed—"Just two big twin beds pushed together," she explains.

Carol designed the beautiful canopy and bedspread which are white silk. The top of the tester and sides of the spread are mauve. The skirted bottom of the bedspread is white again. The several pieces of furniture are light French Provincial.

"The bedside tables Bill designed," Carol adds with pride.

They have no legs, but are fastened flat against the wall at either side of the bed head. They have a white baroque base and red marble tops. On each is a Wedgwood lamp.

"I gave up the idea of French lamps," Carol said, "because they are too delicate and break so easily."

The dining room is just large enough for a black table and six chairs covered with gold fabric. On the table is a driftwood lamp with live philodendrons curling out of a concealed vase.

A distinct idea in this room is the lighting. "When we eat by candlelight," Carol says, "I like the atmosphere—but not the bother of candelabra on the table."

She has handsome brass sconces that are fastened to the wall over the table. On close inspection they prove to be doorknockers cleverly adapted for candles.

One of the doors opens on the kitchen and this, for the Cullens, is neutral territory—painted symbolically in white.

Bill is particularly proud of the gadgets on the stove. "Reminds me of the panel in my airplane," he said.

"It's a gas stove, but there are electric outlets on the top with spaces between burners for electric appliances. Two electric clocks turn the fires on and off automatically. The oven has a glass panel with an inside light so that you can see how the roast is progressing."

The Cullens enjoy cooking for each other. Carol frequently makes Beef Stroganov for Bill. After cubing a steak, she browns the meat in a pan with butter and onions, then adds salt, pepper and tomato paste. She serves the meat over riced potatoes, covering the whole with melted cheddar cheese.

The Cullens very nearly accomplished getting the apartment furnished in the week before Christmas—anyway there were enough seats to accommodate their friends on Christmas Eve.

"I think the remarkable thing Bill did here was in the overall feeling," Carol says. "You expect Chinese to be dark, but the room is actually bright and active."

"I wouldn't change a thing," Bill adds, with a sigh of contentment.

Carol grins and asks, "Not even the French Provincial furniture?"

"Well, that was the Cullen compromise," he says philosophically. "Almost comparable to the great Missouri Compromise."

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Spare Time on Your Hands

(*Continued from page 55*)

checking addresses and phone numbers, listing necessary purchases, having small change in your purse or pocket."

Another good suggestion came from Amelia: "Fool yourself into cultivating good habits until they become a part of you. One woman who wasted most of her time in casual backyard visiting used this trick—she put a pot of food on the stove just before she left the kitchen. Her housewife's instinct made her cut short her chatting so as to get back in time to keep the food from burning."

Norman recommended this helpful tip. "Learn to read faster. If you're a 'word reader,' deliberately force yourself to move more rapidly to scan phrases and whole sentences at a glance. By doing this, one could double his annual quota of books and magazines."

Amelia continued by saying that a tremendous amount of time is wasted by being super-efficient. "Lists, for instance, are useful, but some people have what we call Listitis—a dreadful disease in which the person rewrites lists, rearranges them, and makes fresh ones daily. Actually, the list isn't saving half as much time as it uses up!"

In summing up the Lobsenzes mentioned that it's a good idea to experiment to find out whether you, personally, can live more efficiently by moving at a fast or slow pace. When you find this level, stick to it, for it will set the basic rhythm of your life.

Norman and Amelia emphasized that living efficiently does not necessarily mean binding yourself to a rigid schedule. What is one man's wasted time may be another man's entertainment.

Mail Order Marriage

(*Continued from page 45*)

whole. But it is almost impossible for the director of such a club, no matter how honest or careful he may be to check the background and statements of every new member. And the list of names he supplies to clients becomes a potential hunting ground for adventurers of the worst sort. Yet each year over a hundred thousand women get involved with mail order Romeos.

The swindling swain doesn't always make contact by way of the mails. He may appear in person, in the club car of a train or in a bar or may even be introduced by a mutual friend. Take Raymond La Raviere, or better yet, let's not, although fifty-five women did take him in marriage. Unlike most men in need of money, La Raviere passed up the Help Wanted ads and followed up the Rooms for Rent column. When he got impatient, he himself advertised that a "refined business gentleman desires room in private house with refined surroundings."

Mrs. Angela Martin saw his ad in a St. Paul, Minnesota, newspaper on March 9, 1947. She wrote that she had such a room for rent and the following evening received a telephone call.

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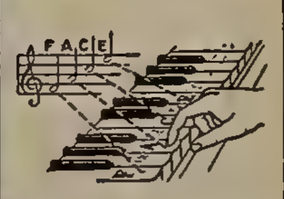

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she lived alone.

"Thank you, madam. I will stop by in a little while."

Soon the doorbell rang and Mrs. Martin saw a short, well-dressed man whose black hair was bunched along the sides in what seemed to her to be the manner of scholars. Through rimless glasses, large, innocent eyes met hers.

"I've come to see about the accommodations you have for rent," he said.

He agreed to take the room and then settled in a chair to talk about himself.

"My name is John Hurly," was the alias La Raviere had chosen for his newest conquest. "I'm an engineer for a gold-mining concern in Alaska." He went on to tell that he was a widower and had recently lost his only child in a fire, concluding mournfully, "I'm a very lonely man."

Mrs. Martin admitted to loneliness too. Then began a whirlwind courtship as La Raviere leaned forward to pat her hand and murmur, "You need never be lonely again. I would be happy to take you back to Alaska with me."

Mrs. Martin thought he wanted to hire her as a housekeeper but he quickly added, "I will make you my wife."

Before she could recover from her astonishment, La Raviere made a dinner date with her for the following evening at his hotel.

Mrs. Martin was so excited that she stayed away from work the next day and went shopping for a complete new outfit. But before we condemn her as a foolish woman, it would be well to remember that a widow's life can be cold and barren. And remember, too, that La Raviere was an experienced operator.

That night he showed off his expensive luggage and thick money belt, then took her to a good restaurant. He pressed for an answer to his proposal, promising her the world. Overwhelmed, she consented.

"I want you to have only the best," he told her when they went trousseau shopping, but added that it was bad luck for the groom to pay. Then on the fourth day, he took her across the Minnesota state line into South Dakota for a quick marriage. Next in order was a honeymoon in Manhattan—but Mrs. Martin never saw the skyscrapers, for the time was ripe for plucking.

"What's mine is yours, and vice versa," was the sum of his little speech about money.

From a savings account of $9,600, Mrs. Martin withdrew $9,000 and as fast as the teller passed over the bills, La Raviere stuffed them in his wallet. She cashed bonds worth $3,200. La Raviere allowed her to keep that money until they boarded the train for New York, then transferred the bills to his money belt for safekeeping.

At the Chicago terminal, where they were to change trains, he seated her in the waiting room while he went to check their tickets.

"I'll straighten it out in a minute," he said.

Two hours later, when he hadn't returned, Mrs. Martin began to make inquiries. The station police discovered her new husband had left the depot long before with his handsome luggage. Not only had Mrs. Martin lost most of her life savings but the dream of happiness she treasured most had turned into a nightmare.

She had the courage to notify police in spite of her embarrassment and the FBI entered the case. Eight months later, La Raviere was picked up in Minneapolis. At the moment he was eating a double-sized steak, his luxurious Lincoln Continental sedan waiting outside, and he had just purchased a magnificent home in California with the money he had swindled from women.

He himself admitted to marrying fifty-five women and taking them for more than $300,000. In January of 1948, he was convicted and sentenced to eight years in Leavenworth.

All the women who testified admitted they found his technique devastating and one even insisted that he had used some sort of drug. She said, "He made me feel that everything was all right no matter what was happening."

"Love deceives the best of womankind," wrote Homer—but just to keep the records straight love deceives the best of men, too. Red-haired Korine Buckner, of Detroit, was imprisoned for two years after confessing that she married fifteen or sixteen men for their money. A Denver woman went to the altar seven times because, as she said, "I like to travel." Mrs. Inez Brennan, of Dover, Delaware, met two elderly men through lonely hearts letters, then killed them and burned their bodies so she could collect their pensions.

As heartless a love pirate as any man was Mildred Hill, of Washington, D. C., who chose her victims from the mailing lists of friendship clubs. She swindled a psychiatric patient in a New England veterans' hospital. She bilked a forty-two-year-old millworker in Massachusetts, a widower father of four children ranging in age from three to ten. He submitted records showing that he had bought her a diamond-studded wrist watch, a gold necklace and locket, two diamond rings, a cedar chest, a clock, an Easter outfit, gifts of candy and flowers and cash totaling $1,265—all on her promise to marry him.

All of the lumberjacks, farmers and other bachelors who became infatuated with Mildred's letters responded generously to her written pleas for cash to cover doctor bills, rent, mortgages, train fares and operations. But Mildred never dared meet the more than one hundred sweethearts who contributed $50,000 for her keep.

She described herself, usually, as: "Age 22, weight 130, height 5 ft. 5, blue eyes, dark brown natural wavy hair, very fair complexion, considered very good looking. I am a high school graduate with some office training. I now serve as a fashion model."

The little sweetheart, when picked up by postal authorities, turned out to be a sixty-five-year-old woman with ten children. In July, 1946, she was sentenced to twenty months to five years in prison in one of the most fantastic cases of mail fraud on record.

There is something humorous in an unattractive, elderly woman posing as a helpless, beautiful girl, but it is my opinion that the public and press sometimes treat these cases too lightly. The savings these crooks take represent security to their victims. It may be bread and butter money or savings that in old age will mean the difference between living in dignity or on charity. And is it a laughing matter when a woman shares love and intimacy with a bridegroom while his mind is on her money and the next train out of town?

People don't think of these things when they begin to chuckle as they did at Sam Engel, self-styled "the world's greatest lover." About seventy-four years old, it is estimated that this Casanova swindled roughly two million dollars. Engel got a sentence of two to ten years in Illinois State Penitentiary.

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When the great lover gets out he will be somewhere between seventy-six and eighty-four years old, but age doesn't mean much to him.

"Eighty isn't too old to charm a woman," he remarked after his arrest. "Look at King Solomon and his thousand wives. I could make it 1,001 if they would let me out of jail."

But Mrs. Pauline Hartley, thirty-nine-year-old widow and mother of two children, believes Engel is paying a small price for the $8,500 he took from her on the promise of marriage.

It began on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago when white-haired, nattily dressed Sam Engel grabbed her hand.

"Amazing, amazing!" he muttered.

Mrs. Hartley tried to pull her hand away while Engel went on to say that her resemblance to his poor, dead wife was amazing.

"He was very nice," she told the jury later. "We went to a restaurant. I had just had a singing lesson. He said he was a movie producer and promised to put me into the movies."

After that he phoned often, sent boxes of flowers and courted her in taxis because, "I left my limousine and chauffeur in Hollywood." When she told Engel that she didn't even know how to withdraw money from her bank account, he helpfully showed her how.

Engel disappeared with her savings before he kept his promise to marry, but that in itself was not important, for a wedding ceremony to such swindlers means little more to them than pinning on a gardenia.

The dozen of other women whose hearts Engel had broken were too embarrassed to complain to the police—but not Mrs. Hartley. Engel was caught and brought to justice. He wasn't repentant. In fact, the cross-country Lothario became rather expansive during his wait for trial and this is part of the sure-fire formula he offered to any would-be imitators:

1—Give a potion of admiration, flattery, tall stories and the idea you are really wealthy. Then you've got her.

2—Wear the latest clothes. Be clean. Send flowers. Use hundred-dollar bills.

3—Learn a woman's likes and dislikes. Cater only to her likes. Talk glibly of travel, literature. Pose as a Hollywood producer or a banker or some professional man.

4—Increase the love potion as you see it taking effect.

5—Subordinate sex to all else.

Engel and a few others of his kind are in prison, but for every one of them there are a few hundred loose, preying on lonely women. There is not a lot of advice that can be given to the lovelorn. Because of the intimacy of such courtships, police seldom get called into such cases before larceny or murder has been committed.

But there is one strong storm signal: *sooner or later the soft-talking stranger will want to transfer the victim's money to his own pocket.*

As Sam Engel expressed it—and who should know better?: "When a man asks a woman for money, she ought to know there's something wrong either with his cranium or her character."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The names Mrs. Angela Martin, Mrs. Pauline Hartley, as used in the foregoing stories, are not the real names of the persons concerned. These innocent persons have been given fictitious names in order to protect their identity.*

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The Whitings on a Saturday Night

(*Continued from page 46*)

tray and said: "Let's ask the Jeff Chandlers over. They are always fun. And Buddy Pepper for you. And Lon McCallister for me. We don't need anybody else."

Maggie's blue eyes flashed enthusiasm. "We'll have a quiet evening round the fire. Maybe sing a little, or play Canasta. I'll ask Willa Mae to make some creamed chicken, and get that chocolate cake recipe from Mother. We can eat off trays."

The girls were in complete agreement on the small friendly group they were going to invite. This would be quite different from the big uproarious gatherings that had made them famous party-givers. They really and truly meant it, but somehow it didn't turn out that way, after all.

Barbara got an idea while they were in Margaret's pine-panelled kitchen checking her supply of dishes. Maybe they ought to ask Bill Eythe, too. He'd just come back from New York where he'd produced and acted in that sensational revue "Lend an Ear." He would have some wonderful stories to tell them. They *must* ask Bill.

"And John Garfield," added Maggie. "He and Bill would have so much to hash over about New York. Then we'll have to have some more girls—Nancy Guild—and Vicky and Jack Smith—"

"And Tony Curtis and Lou Bush—"

The party list grew and grew. They thought of people they simply had to invite because they are so much fun. They thought of people who would be just dying to meet the other people—and they ended up by calling Mrs. Whiting and asking her if she would please go to the movies on Saturday night and let them use the living room and playroom of the larger Whiting house for their party.

Mrs. Whiting, used to this sort of thing, gave her kids the run of the house. Margaret brought her own cook-maid-housekeeper, Willa Mae, along to help out. The usual brand of Whiting shindig was well under way.

There was just one hitch to the whole thing. Maggie had promised Bob Hope that she would sing at a benefit, The Great Lover Ball that was being staged at Paramount studios that night. How was she going to get out of that fix and still not disappoint Bob? It would, she told herself, work out somehow. It did.

Saturday night found the party in full swing. Everyone was gathered in the Whitings' beautiful living room with its deep red carpet and huge mirrored fireplace. Some people were sitting on the floor, some gathered round the piano, but all heads were turned in the direction of John Garfield who was roaring through the lyrics of "Mule Train," while Buddy Pepper pounded on the keys and Jack Smith added his interpolations to the dizzy rhythm.

Suddenly Willa Mae appeared in the doorway, ushering in a very large and serious-looking policeman. Nancy Guild was the first to react.

"Oh my goodness, the police!" She turned apologetically to Maggie. "We've been making too much noise—the neighbors must have complained!"

But Maggie only laughed. Now was the time to spring her surprise.

As the handsome officer stood bashfully in the ring of watchful eyes, Maggie explained that she'd promised Bob Hope to sing a duet with him at his benefit and that the cop was her motorcycle escort—he was going to run her through traffic so she could be back at the party in an hour. So everybody sighed with relief and went back around the piano, while Maggie dashed off for a quick song with Bob.

Barbara, in her crisp red taffeta gown, was as bright as a robin as she took over Maggie's hostess duties. She helped the Jeff Chandlers launch a Canasta game in the pink-walled playroom downstairs, with Lon McCallister and Nancy Guild as opponents, and Jack Smith as kibitzer. Then she rushed upstairs to greet new arrivals Lou Bush and radio announcer Hy Averbach.

When Maggie and her police escort got back an hour later she had to run all over the house rounding up her guests for the delicious supper that Willa Mae had set out on the lace covered dining-room table. Maggie had taken a quick look around the dining-room before she left for the benefit, and had added the finishing touches to a floral arrangement of glittering waxy red flowers and silver candlesticks that formed the centerpiece on the table. Now with the hand-crocheted cloth loaded with silver dishes filled with appetizing food—canapés, creamed chicken, brown rice, a tossed green salad, chocolate cake and cookies—the stage was set for the real part of the evening.

Maggie herded her guests into the room invited them to help themselves to the buffet-style supper, and while they filled their plates she told them of her brief appearance on the Benefit stage.

"I dashed on the platform at the last possible moment," she said. "Bob Hope was waiting for me. I grabbed a script somebody pushed into my hands and hurried to the center of the stage to do my song with him. Then Bob found that he had my script and I had his, and we had to do a frantic shuffle before we got ourselves straightened out. But you know Bob—he never actually needed a script—never does. We sang 'Lucky Us' from Bob's picture 'The Great Lover' and then I left for home again. As easy as that!"

After supper the guests dragged Maggie to the piano and kept her singing for them until the early hours of the morning. But she loved it. She romped through all the numbers from "Where's Charlie," and went through "Make a Miracle" twice at the special request of John Garfield. Then she took a breather for a minute and went to sit with Marjorie Chandler and Victoria Smith, who'd been talking away thirteen to the dozen.

Marjorie (who looks like Maureen O'Hara with her beautiful auburn hair and green eyes) was a movie starlet known as Marjorie Hochelle before she married Jeff Chandler. She has two little girls now, and was listening eagerly to tiny pert Vicky Smith telling about the two European children she and Jack have adopted. The Smiths went to see their little foster daughter Johnna in Holland last year. This year they hope to catch up with Maurice, their three-year-old foster son, who is a Belgian boy.

It was just before dawn that Maggie's party broke up. Even those who had radio rehearsals and movie roles to study next day were reluctant to leave. Bill Eythe, who had been down at San Diego all day shooting scenes for his Columbia picture "Customs Agent," had climbed out of a helicopter and driven the hundred miles to Margaret's party, finally admitted that he was bushed.

Bill Eythe isn't alone in thinking that a hundred mile drive to the Whitings is well worth the trip. Everybody the girls know welcomes an invitation to their house. That's why they have such a problem—they simply *can't* give small parties. They are still going round in a circle, but it's a shining circle, bright with love and friendship and sparkling with the youth and loveliness of Maggie and Barbara, two of the grandest girls you'd ever hope to meet.

(Margaret Whiting's recipe for creamed chicken, served with brown rice. For 15 people. Take two boiling hens and cover them with cold water. Cook with celery stalks and green pepper for 2½ hours. Set aside to cool. Remove meat from bones and chop in small pieces. Make a cream sauce of butter, 3 tablespoons of flour to a cup of stock, and pour over chicken which has been drained and placed in a casserole. Stir in a cup of cream and season to taste. Keep hot in oven, but do not allow to boil. Serve separately over a bed of fluffy brown rice.)

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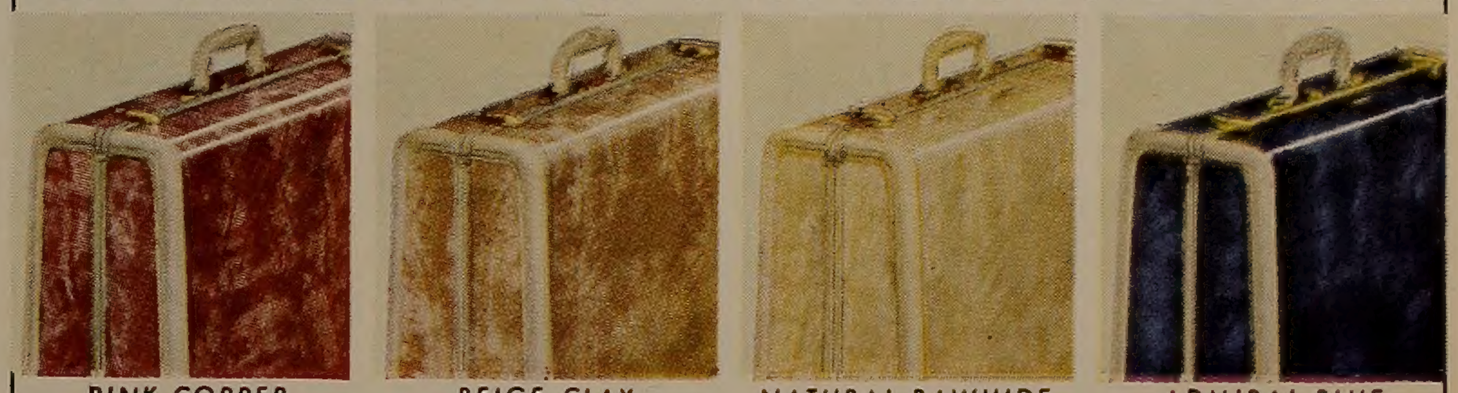

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